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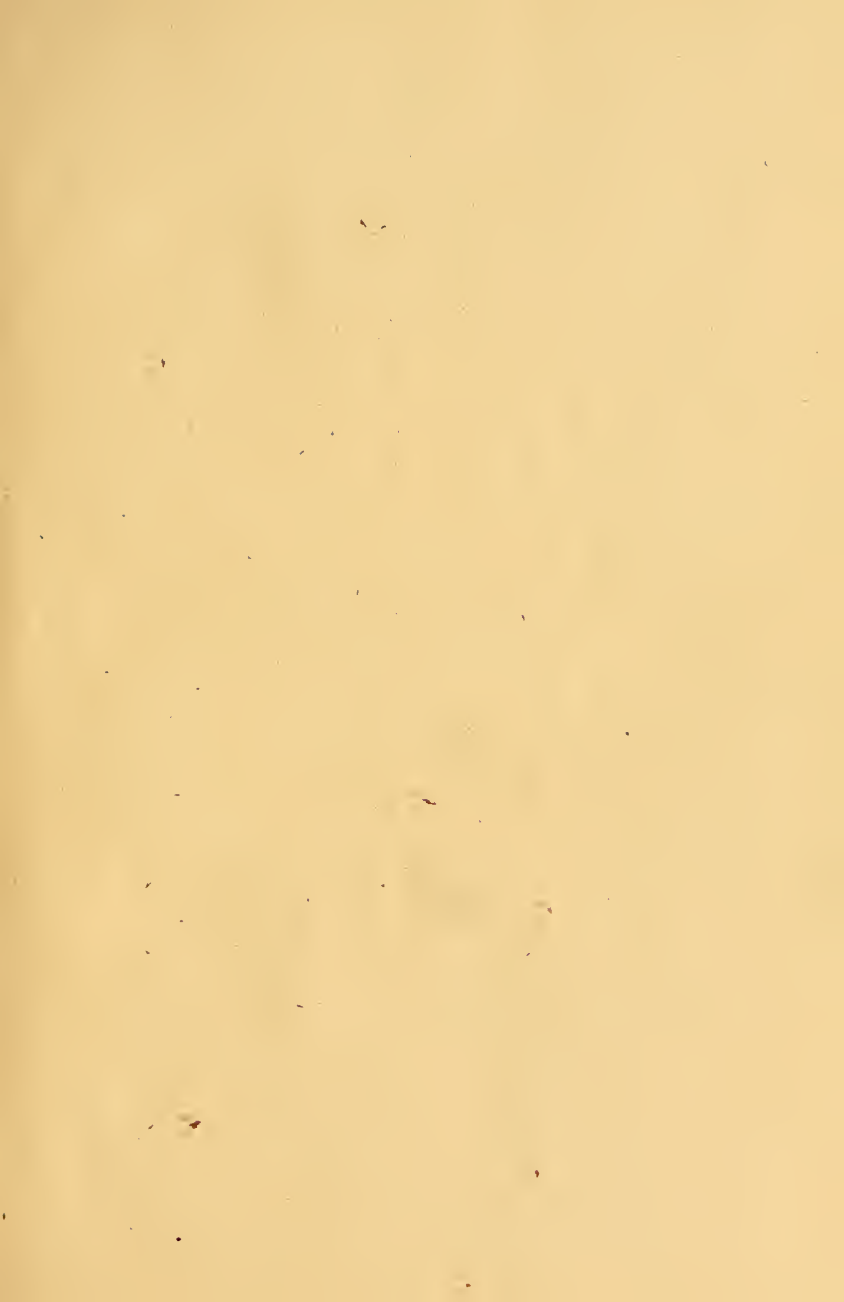

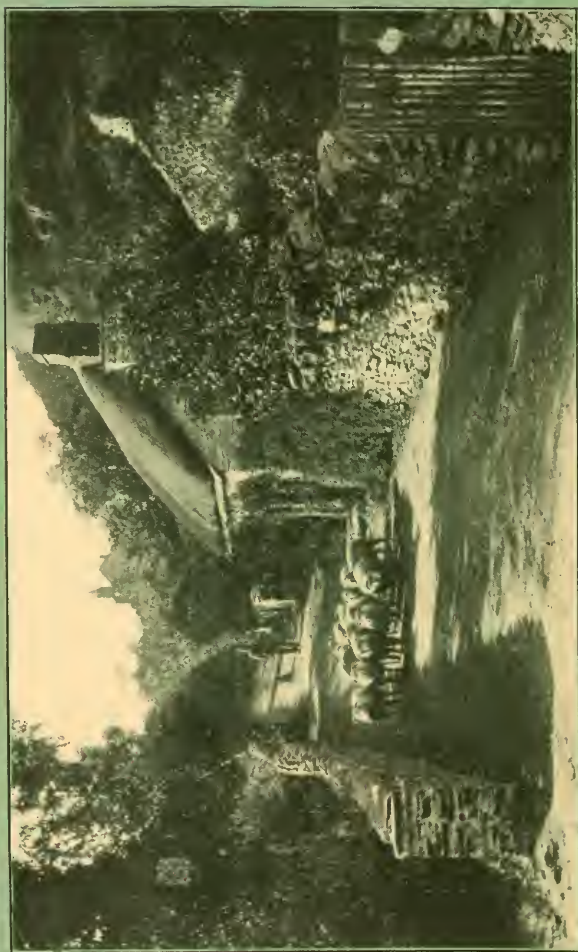

A GOLDEN WAY

BEING

NOTES AND IMPRESSIONS ON A JOURNEY THROUGH IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND

BY

ALBERT LeROY BARTLETT

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

My Brother

MY COMPANION IN THE ENCHANTED DAYS

ALONG

A GOLDEN WAY.

PREFACE.

I had long dreamed the old, old dream—that some day my feet should be shod with winged sandals, my hand should clasp the traveler's staff, the pilgrim's scrip should hang from my shoulders, and my eyes see the hedged lanes, the cots and the castles, of that older world where history clothes each inch of country as the ivy its walls, and where literature has given to each rood of earth an individual charm. And when the dream became true—and then became like a dream again—I called the route over which I had passed A Golden Way. *A Golden Way? Ah, well, it has been trodden by many pilgrims, and perchance what seems gold to me is merely the sun shining on the dust raised by their feet.*

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A GOLDEN WAY.

I.

ERIN FROM QUEENSTOWN TO BLARNEY CASTLE.

Flower-Decked and Legend-Haunted Land.

THEY who go down to the sea in ships, in transit to far-off lands, frequently find the way thereover no golden one, but a very *via dolorosa* to be held thereafter in mystery and silence. But to him who loves the sea and its wildness, to whom the sparkle of its waves is full of poetry and gladness, and its mighty uptossings and gloom but the visible signs of grandeur and power, the *golden way* is entered when the little tugs first draw the hawsers taut and begin their convoy of the great sea swan through the winding channel of the harbor to the ocean beyond.

There was never a sweeter April day in New England than that Saturday on which, far away, Dewey took Manila. The air was like ethereal balm, the sky a sea of softest blue wherein floated filmy white clouds. The tender young emerald leafage softened the outlines of the brown tree branches, and the golden sunlight fell on the fresh new verdure of the fields and banks. The social life was athrill with pa-

triotism and excitement, and anxious friends said, "Dare you go? What if the Spanish——?" The network of torpedoes had just been placed in Boston harbor to send to a speedy and a higher reckoning any craft of the Dons that should have hostile designs on the Hub. The hour of sailing came. The Canada at its wharf had received its charge of passengers, the cry, "All 'shore that's goin' 'shore," had separated the travelers from the home friends, the gang-plank had been drawn in. Then there went fluttering to the peak the stars and stripes, and amid shouts and wavings from the myriad friends on shore and the little band on board, the huge white ocean bird began her passage. At nightfall Boston light was reached and the gleam of the setting sun lay—a golden line—along the course that we had come. Before us now was the gray sea, the night, the morrow,—and to the *chanty* of the sailors scrubbing down the decks we passed into the court of sleep beyond which lay the to-morrow.

It was through the murkiness of the earliest hours of the morning, seven days later, that the little tender took us from the steamer outside, by the ways of the channel, past the islands that stand sentinel, through the harbor and to the dock of Queenstown. The sea had severely buffeted us, the mists had enshrouded us, the fog-horn had maddened us, the courtesy and attention of all of the ship's crew had comforted us,—and withal the sea, even in its sullen mood, had charmed us. The trepi-

dation of entering a new land, all unfamiliar, was upon us as we went through the courteous formalities of the custom-house, past the military sprig, who asked us, "What is your name, sir? Where are you going, sir?" and out into the streets of a foreign city. The sleepy porter of the Queen's Hotel opened the door deferentially at our ring, and gave us a room in which the queen herself might have slept, so large was it, so exquisitely furnished, so stately with its canopied beds, so bright with mirrors which multiplied glimpses of two worn and sleepy foreigners. Outside it was growing light, the birds were singing sweetly, and the air blown soft from the flower-garden behind the hotel, was odorous also with the freshness of the spring morn.

We had hardly fallen under the forgetfulness of sleep, when we were roused by the booming of guns. Were we pursued? Was some Spanish ship seeking our Yankee bodies? we wondered as we came from the land of dreams. It was only the saluting guns in the harbor, however, greeting the entrance of some German warships, among them the Black Prince and the Friedrich Wilhelm.

Down-stairs the landlady, neatly dressed in black, and wearing a white cap, welcomed us from behind a little aperture that was like the ticket office in an American theater, the waiter bowed most solemnly and escorted us to the coffee-room, and there, sitting by a front window, we enjoyed the cleanliness, the quiet, the deliciousness of the simple breakfast—coffee, rolls, ham and eggs,—and the morning papers.

In front was the street, its every detail seeming so novel to us, and beyond the bay, all alive with ships and boats, and over its waters floated the spirited music of a band on one of the warships.

As I took my first draught of morning air at the outside door, a jaunting car was driven swiftly up, and the driver greeted me. "Will ye be takin' a ride, sir? Me name is Fitz-Harris, and I'm your only countryman in the place, sir." These Irish tongues are so smooth, and honied, and winning! So, later, in Killarney, a native of the soil, stretched out his palm,—an itching palm, I fear,—and cried, "Welcome home to ould Ireland, sir!" while a dear old woman, wishing to say the most pleasant thing, exclaimed, "Indade, is it possible ye were born in Ameriky! An' the little brogue that ye have, too!" Fitz-Harris, however, had to seek other countrymen. With an invigorating morning air, a smiling sky, and a pair of stout legs that had rebelled at the "cabined, cribbed, confined" deck space of the ship, it would have been a physical sin to do anything but walk. So up a steep hill, and along the country road towards Cork, we strolled. Flowers grew everywhere. Daisies—sweet miniatures of our own, but crimson-tipped—studded the emerald turf, great fragrant violets leaned forth on slender stems, a running blue flower, the vetch, and on the walls the toad-flax, smiled in the sun, while the stiff wall flowers, glorious in many hues, perfumed the air from hundreds of sheltered places. Hedges of yellow furze criss-crossed the country in every direction, and

made golden boundaries between neighboring gardens or fields, while straggling clumps covered with the abundance of its common gold the ledges and ragged spots in the landscape. Donkey carts driven often by old women or barefooted boys or girls met us continually, the patient little beasts remonstrating with a sort of hopeless grunt against the constant beating on their tough sides.

Away up on a hill we met a little lad, strolling idly nowhere and doing nothing, a very little fellow, who acknowledged our advent by a dab at his ragged cap. I talked with him a little, and, remembering how fond American boys are of *curios*, I drew an American cent from my coin purse and gave it to him. It was a very bright cent. The features of the Indian upon it shone out most clearly, and every feather in his head-dress appealed to the beholder. An American boy would have placed such a foreign coin among his choicest treasures. No ordinary purchasing power would have drawn it from him. It would have rested in that pocket where there was the least danger of moth or rust corrupting it, and it would have been drawn forth with an air of lordly ownership to be exhibited to subdued and awed companions. The Irish lad seemed more thrifty. My little friend looked at the cent, at the bright Indian, and then at me. "An' if ye plaze, sir," said he naively, "would ye kindly change it for a pinny?"

Coming from this country way back into the town streets, we found the places filled with the bustle of life. Old Irish women, with bared or shawl-covered

heads, and with skirts that stopped far above their heavy-shod feet, went artlessly along the crowded ways, knitting, carrying vegetables, occasionally smoking pipes, and often stopping to gossip with acquaintances. There was a confusion of teams in the streets, a crowd of loafers on the wharves. Along the steep walls of the fortifications the flowers hung their peaceful faces, the harbor was undisturbed in its serenity by the double-headed eagles of the Kaiser's navy, the well set forms of the marines carried only delight to the lookers-on,—and so, smiling, flower-clad, sun-kissed, its great ramparts but a sleeping lion, its quaint characters living but to add picturesqueness, Queenstown is pictured in my memory.

The *golden way* led from Queenstown to *the place of the yew-tree*, Youghal, at the mouth of the Blackwater—the Rhine of Ireland. On the ride thither I realized that on an Irish train a man may carry almost anything but a house, for into the compartment where we were there came a pleasant Irish doctor, bringing a trunk, three traveling bags of different sizes, a bath-tub, a bundle of canes and umbrellas, and numerous smaller packages. They filled the package racks, the unoccupied seats, and a part of the floor, yet nobody seemed to think it at all extraordinary, and later experiences convinced me that such an accompaniment of personal baggage was not unusual. The train sped smoothly along through beautiful scenery—meadows where cattle stood in

fresh green pasturage, knee-deep, small farms where every foot of land was made to yield its tribute of vegetables, little thatched cottages, looking as old as the hills themselves, and everywhere the abundant yellow of the blossoming furze. In the station at Youghal a chorus of rich Irish voices offered us each his jaunting car—the universal cab of Ireland. We took the one belonging to the Green Park Hotel, and rode for three-fourths of a mile along a winding and picturesque road, on one side the bay, the harbor, the mouth of the Blackwater River, on the other the steeply rising side of Knockvarry Hill, with villas irregularly dotting its sides. The houses close abutting on the street, and the high walls, formed a protection to the gardens that lay behind them. Through a gateway in such a high wall we entered a courtyard, bright with flowers, the yard of our inn. The baggage was taken by the "boots," a bell was struck, and behind the desk the landlady immediately appeared, spruce, modest, and dignified, like her prototype of the Queen's Hotel. From the windows of the pleasant room to which we were assigned, the view swept the harbor, the road, and the high hill. Down the street could be seen the sisters of the Loretto, busied with the care of the school which they keep. Opposite were the buildings and the grounds of the nuns of the order of the Visitation. White-coifed and black-robed, the sisters wandered solemnly along the walks within the grounds. A signal,—and suddenly the walks are left alone; swiftly and silently the nuns have turned to the con-

vent door. In the high yew trees are numberless rooks and jackdaws who croak and caw incessantly. They build shapeless nests as large as a half-bushel, and on the neighborhood plan, for I counted twenty-three such abodes in the branches of a single tree.

On the harbor wall there is a little tower, its top reached by a few steps on the outside. I watched with some curiosity and much interest a sailor-clad man with a long spy-glass, who climbed this tower every few minutes, swept the horizon with his glass, made some strange signals, and then descended. He seemed like a character from some nautical opera bouffe,—this lone sailor-man, watching the most peaceful and undisturbed of river mouths so vigilantly, and making signals to some unseen companion. He was merely a member of the coast guard, on watch to see that no unauthorized person in a piratical dory hauled a salmon from the river.

The chief way of Youghal is a long, long street, the houses continuous on it, running parallel with the river. Shops, cottages, and the ruins of house walls line both sides of it, while midway of its length, and straight across it, stands the old clock tower, bearing the arms of the city. In the archway beneath it I read a sign warning people not to carry away the paving and flagstones of the public way. I am sure that no one who could lift the stones that I saw could be called light-fingered. This old clock tower has been in its day a gate of the city, its prison, and its execution ground, and there is a story that from the little barred windows that look down upon

BY THE HARBOR, YOUGHAL

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the street five men were hung in a single day. Up from this long main street lanes lined with poor, half-ruined cottages climb the sides of the hill, and across these, but without order, go intersecting lanes,—the whole forming in its irregularity a fascinating labyrinth for the stranger.

Donkey carts are everywhere, and the loads that they carry are as diverse as the imagination can suggest, or as the variety of picturesque characters who drive them—which is greater than the imagination could suggest. The reins by which the donkey is driven are always ropes ; his harness is a thing of shreds and patches ; frequently the blinders are such in very truth—closing over his eyes or pinching into them in a way that is uncomfortable to the sensitive beholder and even more so to the donkey. To me this little beast exemplifies the Christian virtues of meekness, long-suffering, and patience. His stout, ragged little body goes whither the ropes direct him, and stands where it is stayed. Nothing is too bad to be fed to him, and no place too evil for his stable. To the family—of which he is frequently the most useful member—he costs nothing, and he is worth a great deal. I rubbed the nose of one that was standing in the street, a specimen of ragged dejection, and he actually brightened and laid his head over against me like an affectionate dog.

In all Ireland later I saw no such variety of quaint old Irish women as in Youghal. Their caps, little shoulder-capes or shawls, short skirts—frequently of many patches and colors—their quick speech, sharp

or honied as the mood might be, were of unfailing interest. One of these women was showing some ruin to a gentleman, one day, and dilating upon its great age.

"Ah," said the gentleman, quizzically, "and how old was it in the time of Adam?"

"Shure, it's not meself that can tell ye," was her swift reply, "but Adam asked the same question whin he was here."

Into the yard before our hotel there came one morning two fish-women, their dress the extreme of the fashion that I have described, but made brilliant by shawls of gleaming red. They bore great baskets of heavy fish upon their arms. These they spread upon the grass for the inspection of the cook. It was after the haggling and the completion of the bargain that they espied the strangers in the door. Such smiles as wrinkled their visages—coquetry in its senility!

"Ah," said one, "ah, the handsome gintlemin—the fine, ginerous gintlemin! May ye have a good journey, and may the saints prosper ye!—and, sure, sir, ye will give me the price of a schmoke, for divil a bit o' baccy hev I hed this day, sir,—blessed because me eyes hev seen your ginerous faces."

Along the old street of Youghal, climbing one of its steep lanes, and following one of the traverse ways, we came one day to the old church of St. Mary, dating from the thirteenth century—when Youghal was a place of great importance—and incorporating within itself a Danish church two cen-

A ROW OF COTTAGES IN YOUGHAL

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turies older. The symbols in the jambs in the side of the nave show the builders to have been those wandering craftsmen who journeyed from place to place and lived in rude huts while they builded, whose secrets and symbols are still held in the order of which they were the founders—the Free Masons. The intelligent woman who was our guide through this old church and its grounds, and who wiped a tear from her eye as she spoke of her son in America —"so kind to his poor old mother,"—called our attention to a grave, a spot of bald earth where all else was clothed with verdure. It hides the dust of one whose word was notoriously false, but who swore by his statements the oath, "If this be not true, may the grass never grow above my grave." And from the day when his body was hid in the earth the soil above it has lain hard and bare—"the grave on which the grass never grows." There are two interesting tombs in the south transept—one, that of the founders of the chapel, Richard Bennett and his wife, Ellis Barry, and another, that of the great Earl of Cork, whose family made this their mortuary chamber.

The great Earl lies recumbent in full knight's armor. At his feet is the image of his first wife, Joan, kneeling, while at his head is that of his second wife, Katherine. Along the edge of the plinth, but unseen in the picture, are nine small figures, his children. One little figure in a recumbent position represents a child who was drowned in the well of the neighboring college. As one looks at the image of

this old Lord Boyle, who bore honorably an illustrious name, there comes to his mind the lines of Coleridge:

> "The Knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust;
> His soul is with the saints, I trust."

Next to this church and close by the old walls of the town is the ancient manor house, built after the fashion of his native Devon, where Sir Walter Raleigh lived in 1588-89. Raleigh with the poet Spenser, had followed Lord Gray when he came to Ireland to subdue the powerful Desmond, and was granted large estates along the Blackwater. Under the yew-trees still standing in front of the house, Spenser conceived *The Fairie Queen*, and Sir Walter sent forth to poison the pure air the first puffs of tobacco smoke. The servant, it will be remembered, thinking him afire, drenched him with a bucket of water. If only she had drowned the habit! In the garden of the house the first potatoes in Ireland were planted.

One dwells for a moment upon the swift-following fame and disgrace and neglect, the abundance and the want, and the final verdict of posterity upon these lives. Spenser died in misery and woe in London, "starved for lack of a bit of bread," and his monument is among the immortals in Westminster Abbey. Raleigh was beheaded, but how courteous and loyal, how fair and excellent, history paints him!

The town was full of the military, and the drawing-

MAUSOLEUM OF THE EARL OF CORK

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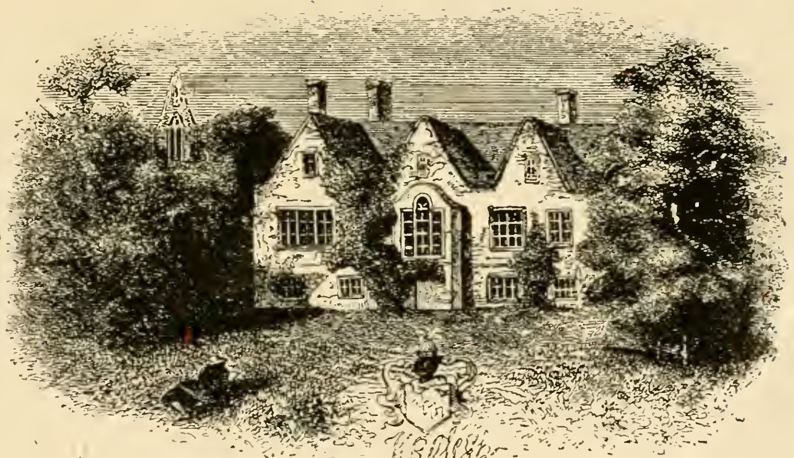
room of the Green Park inn was the scene of much brightness and pleasant conversation. Sir Henry Blake, with Lady Blake, was staying there while superintending the repairing of the Raleigh House, which is his property; Lady Cadogan, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, divinely tall and of that type of Irish beauty which is fair with deep-set eyes—so akin to the Swedish type,—came and went there; and brilliant young officers of the Irish Royal chatted in a way that delighted my American ears. "Are you really going to believe in England's friendship for the United States?" said one of them, pleasantly; "I assure you that we all desire you to." And when I said, "How can we doubt it after your cordial assurances," his hand was quickly outstretched to meet mine—an alliance of two atoms of the great nations. Then the conversation turned to literature, and they displayed a knowledge of American literature so critical and so broad that I was both glad and proud. It is a pleasant thing when Mars and Minerva join strength and breadth of thought.

From Youghal we rode in a jaunting car fifteen miles to a little town that seemed to me an Irish Thrums. The road led through valleys where little rivers ran between green and fertile banks, and over bleak hills where the wind blew sharp and continuous. The yellow line of the blossoming furze bounded the way. The pale primose and the deep-hued violet covered the banks. Far, vague, and dim, the shapes of the Knock-me-all-down mountains ap-

peared on the horizon. And when we had come down a steep and winding road into this village, the heavens opened and the floods fell. For comfort and dryness we asked that a fire be built in our room, but the servant reappeared after some time and said the magpies had filled up the chimney with sticks and stuff, and that it could not be cleaned out at once. The magpies in the chimney were early risers, and with the first faint flushings of the morning light —and these came very early—they floundered noisily in their quarters. Then they perched on the branches of the trees just outside the window and sang a very disagreeable pæan to the rising sun.

The main street of the town—at once street and sidewalk—is long and narrow, with houses bordering it in contiguity, with loafing and skulking figures at the doorways and about the corners, and groups of great overgrown boys leaning with crossed legs against the sides of the thatched cottages. The clayey soil, moistened by the rain, clung to whatever it touched. The too-prevalent drinking-place had set its seal on the faces of both men and women. The complaint of poverty was on every lip. The country was beautiful ; the ground fertile ; but poverty reigned, and the causes of it were so closely under their eyes that they quite overlooked them.

It was on the ride to this little town, and in my walks about it, that I realized the nearness of the pig to the peasant. Little whitewashed cottages, with clambering roses and blossoming wall flowers, the pig in the front yard or looking from the front



THE SIR WALTER RALEIGH HOUSE. (See page 18) Page 20

door, reminded me that it is perhaps the Irishman's sense of justice that gives the freedom of the cot to the beast that pays the rent. "Why do you call them lucky pigs?" I asked of a dealer in bog-oak curios as I took up a little carved watch-charm. "In faith, sir," he replied, "the pig is the gintlemin that pays the rint, and them is lucky as have him." The presence of the "gintlemin that pays the rint,' is quite evident to the sense of smell. There is a story of an Irish gentleman who had great affection for the pig, and great interest in a certain style of architecture. So he built a piggery in Eastern style of architecture, and when it was finished called a neighbor to see it.

"Isn't that a fine pagoda on the building, Pat," said he.

"Indade," said Pat, "I'm a thinkin' the finer pig-odor is under the buildin'."

Along the Lismore road I wandered one afternoon, gathering the flowers that grew here and there, and seeking the shamrock which is so elusive even in Ireland. A little urchin, barefooted, ragged, but bright-eyed and attractive, walked with me.

"Do you know the shamrock?" I asked him.

"Indade I do, sir," he replied.

"Well, if you will find me a piece," said I, "I will give you a penny."

His quick eyes searched the ground, the turf-grown wall, the neighboring field, but unsuccessfully. Then he said, "I know it on the altar on St. Patrick's day, sir, but it's not out of doors that I

can tell it." I soon found a piece and showed it to him, telling him how to recognize it by its small leaf, its dark color, its smooth surface. He walked on with me, chattering about the flowers on the way, and picking such blossoms as he thought I might value. There was one orchid-like flower that grew at the bottom of a bank. He stepped gently down the declivity and pressed his dirty, freckled face close to it. "It do smell so swate," he remarked, but he did not pick it for me. I reached down to pick it myself, but his quick hand stopped me. "Don't do it, sir," said he; "it be's the dead man's flower, and it be's not right to pluck it. Ye'll meet the funeral of a friend, sir, if ye pick it."

Well, friends are not so numerous that I can risk meeting the funeral of one, and so I yielded to his superstitious wish. I left the little lad at the door of his poor cottage where the pig was looking between the palings, and the mother was hoeing the garden. I had walked nearly a mile beyond when I heard some one puffing in hot haste behind me. I turned and found my little friend bringing me a gift. He had dug from his garden two primroses, one of the palest yellow, the other of the most delicate pink, each abounding in blossoms, and he had run to place them, all wet and muddy, in my hands. Such courtesy, such thoughtfulness, such kindliness of heart, washed all the dirt from his honest face, hid every rag of his clothing, and covered his naked feet, for I saw only a little Irish gentleman,—and I wished devoutly that the finer clothes of some of

THE BLACKWATER, FROM LISMORE CASTLE

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our American lads covered boys of as gentle manners and as much true worth.

One day I walked along a country way until I came to a little cottage whose neatness drew my attention. So white was the wall, so luxuriant the rose-bush that nearly concealed it, so clean swept the walk, that I wished to "sketch" it, as the Irish say. Just as I was arranging my camera, there came a soft passing shower that drove me to ask admittance at the door. There responded to my knock an old, old woman, specklessly clean from the white crown of her cap to the hem of her short skirt.

"An' shure ye'r wilcome, sir," she said, "an' Hiven knows I wish it were more worthy of ye."

It was a very old cottage, lighted by two little windows, each scarcely a foot square, with little white curtains tied above them, and a pot of blossoming flowers on the sill. The floor was but the naked earth. The furnishings were her bed, a little shrine at its head, a dresser with a few plates carefully arranged, and a single stool on which she had been seated, trying to blow enough life into the fagots in the fireplace to heat the tiny black kettle that hung from the crane above. There were evidences of loneliness and most stringent poverty.

"And have you no children?" I asked.

"I'm not knowin', sir," was her answer; "I tried to give my children good schoolin', an' I thinks I was mebbe too kind, but they left me an' wint to Ameriky, sir, an' it's siventeen years since I had the last word from thim."

I could not believe that this sweet and lovable old mother had been forgotten by her own. It is not in the nature of the Irish to forget, but perhaps the drink habit, too easily acquired in these Irish villages, has woven its meshes about the sons whom she, alone in her cabin, mourns.

She blessed me as I left her in her gateway, and added, "If ye name the picter, sir, ye may say it is the cabin of two counties,"—for the dividing line between the counties of Cork and Waterford runs through it.

One day I knocked at the door of the pretty national schoolhouse on Bog Lane, and was pleasantly invited to enter. The room was perhaps forty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, its ceiling being the undecorated roof. The walls were whitewashed and well hung with maps and pictures illustrating natural history. The head-master's desk was in one corner, and there was a small fireplace near it. The boys sat at long deal desks. The room contained eighty-four pupils from three years of age to fifteen. The assistant was teaching at one side of the room, and two of the older boys were attending to other classes. Teachers of these national schools are divided into four grades, and are paid respectively $175, $220, $300, and $350 a year, but success in attaining certain results brings additional payment nearly doubling these sums. The government furnishes the text-books to the pupils at a trifling cost, the primer selling for a cent, and the fifth reader, the largest and highest of the series, for

THE COTTAGE OF TWO COUNTIES

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twelve cents. The schools have eight weeks vacation in the year, and any holiday is to be taken from this allowance.

The room was all talking and studying at once, but a clap of the master's hand would still it for a minute. Once in a while the master would say, "Mike O'Keefe, be afther doing your business at once." "Jim, is that you a-blathering? And what about?" "Indade, Pat, it's too bold ye are." But with all its seeming crudeness to one accustomed to the martinet discipline of a New England school, there was an intelligence among the pupils that might have shamed their more methodical American contemporaries. Government positions of certain grades are filled by competitive examinations, and these boys spur themselves to outrank the privately educated sons of gentlemen.

Presently at the door appeared the gentle faces of the nuns who had come to give religious instruction, for the school is Catholic, and the priest controls the appointment of its teachers.

"There's a Protestant school in the village," said the master, "but whin the byes git big, they're after shying their cap at the misthress, if she be young, —and thin they come here."

Across the Bride River, a tributary of the Blackwater, there rises the ruined, ivy-mantled tower of Lisfinny Castle. Square and massive, it towers eighty feet high—a grim and solemn landmark. Against its sides and built from the stones of the ruin, are the cattle-sheds of the farmers who hire it.

When we sought to climb its height, a tall and lath-like lad, acting as our escort, led us first through a door that had been cut into the old dungeon, where the only prisoner, a sleepy farm horse, was standing in a deep litter of straw. Up the narrow winding stair we climbed from this, and half way up a barrier, built low across the way, made us stoop to go farther. In days of old doubtless some warrior grim stood on the upper side of this barrier to crush the skull of any enemy who should seek to pass above it. As no one halted us, we stooped and then went on. Above was the main hall, now grass carpeted, with a rude fireplace and narrow windows in the thick walls. Another climb, and we reached a ruined chamber, with niches still existing in the walls for the sleeping couches. Then farther to the dizzy top we climbed, and here our guide showed us the stone shute adown which the dead or the condemned could be swiftly shot to the bottom.

Twilight fell while we lingered there; the thrushes sang sweetly in the trees, some bats flitted forth, and an owl made plaint to the rising moon. But what beating of hearts there must have been in these very rooms, when, in those times of warring clans, the approach of the foe was seen, and men with murder in their hearts lay siege.

It is said that Lisfinny was connected by an underground passage with Strancally, a mile away. Strancally was a stronghold of the great Desmond, and beneath it is a chasm called the Murdering Hole. When the owner of this castle hated a man

A NATIONAL SCHOOL

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deeply, he assumed the most friendly manner and with great cordiality invited him to dine at the castle. Those who accepted the invitation were seen no more, until one managed to reach the river, and, floating down, told the dreadful tale to the Earl of Ormond. He immediately marched against Strancally and blew it to ruins.

Not far from Strancally on the Blackwater, the ruined keep of the castle of Templemichael rises, about whose last occupant is told the story of the home-sick soul. Garret Fitzgerald, the last Geraldine of Templemichael, was driven from his castle by the iron Cromwell, who left but ruins in its place. He fled to Ardmore, where he had an estate, and, dying years later, was buried in the Old Parish cemetery there. But on the night following his burial a voice was heard at Templemichael crying from the opposite bank, "Garralth harrowing,"—*the ferry for Garret*. Year after year, when at night some wanderer lingered by Templemichael, the same cry, plaintive and appealing, was heard. And so, at last, some young men went across the river to Ardmore and brought back the body of Garret and laid it with those of his fathers at Templemichael. And thereafter the voice called no more.

The *golden way* led next to Lismore, and here we found an inn so perfectly clean, so charming and simple in its furnishing, its pictures so well chosen, that I was not surprised to learn that the Duke of Devonshire was actually the landlord, and

that the arms—three stags' heads surmounted by a crown—over the door, which give the inn the name of "The Devonshire Arms," indicated a supervision by the overseer of his estate.

The great castle close by the inn is the most beautiful in all Ireland, and its history is that of eight hundred years of warfare, siege, and change. I know of no landscape views surpassing those from its windows. Once when James the Second was a guest at the Castle, he entered for the first time the great drawing-room, and walked straight across it to the bay window, but started in surprise at the height from which he looked down. Standing in this window—still called the King James window—one sees a view of the winding Blackwater, its gentle intervales, its bordering forests, and the mountains beyond, from which he is reluctant to turn.

Outside the garden was filled with beautiful flowers, rhododendrons of great size and beauty, beds of forget-me-nots and pansies, clambering roses, snow-white japonicas; and a wisteria vine of marvelous size hung with great lavishness its lavender racemes over the gray stone walls.

As I walked through the duke's grounds, the sweetest of bird-songs greeted my ear.

"It is a wren," said the steward.

"If only I might see it!" exclaimed I.

And then, as if to gratify me, the smallest mite of a bird, a mere hop-o'-my-thumb, perched on the swaying topmost bough of a little tree close by, and poured out melody fit for an angel's ear.

LISMORE CASTLE

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When Ireland was the center of piety and learning, a thousand and more years ago, Lismore was its intellectual head and its religious heart. The fame of its University was so great that it attracted scholars even from Greece. Its schools, attended by thousand of pupils, were free, so truly free that lodging and board as well as instruction were without price. Devout and learned priests gave to its fame the odor of holiness, and a part of its Abbey was deemed so sacred that no woman was allowed to enter it.

With the echo of the sweet wren song still in my ears, and wandering through the lovely grounds that once belonged to the Abbey, I found it easy to believe that there dwelt and prayed that monk whose story lives in the folk-lore of the Blackwater Valley. And this is the legend:

Ages ago a monk lived in holy and prayerful humility, and when his years were full he was still serving and praising God continually. Now one morning when the first rays of the sun, entering his little window, fell upon him bowed in prayer, he heard a bird singing so sweetly as only the birds of Heaven do, and he must needs find the bird. So he rose from his knees, and went into the garden. There, on a swaying branch of a rose-tree, the little bird sang for awhile, and then it flew to a more distant tree. And his song grew even sweeter, so that the monk followed it. And whenever the monk came near to the bird, he flew still farther away, but his song become more and more enchanting. The

flowers seemed to blossom more wonderfully, too, and the air to be softer and more fragrant than the monk had ever known. Sometimes he thought that the flowers and the trees were chanting soft *Glorias*, and that the light gleamed and shone as he had never seen it before. Thus led on by the ecstatic song of the bird he followed until nightfall, with no fatigue in his limbs and with unspeakable peace and content in his heart. But when the night shades fell he went back to the Abbey, all his being still overflowing with gladness. Now when he came to the Abbey door a new face appeared at the wicket, and within all was strange, and he knew none whom he saw. And he cried out, "Brothers, what has happened since the morn that all here is so changed?" They answered him, "Nothing has happened, and there have been no changes. But who are you who wear our garb and yet are unknown to us?" And when he had given his name the eldest of the monks said, "This is marvelous indeed, for it is two hundred years since the brother of your name left these walls." And he who had followed the bird knew then that God had thus beautifully called him to Himself, and that the fields wherein he had followed the song were those of Elysium. So he bowed his head, and his soul went once more from the realms of life and entered the eternal abode of the saints.

I thought of this story as I sat in the churchyard of the old cathedral, founded in the seventh century, my seat an old, old tomb over which the yews bent solemnly. The moss and ivy hid the stones around,

THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT LISMORE

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the tooth of time had gnawed away the rude inscriptions that named the dust of the forgotten dead, and still,—oh, irony!—the forget-me-nots grew there so thickly that they seemed to mirror the blue of heaven.

Within the church is the oldest celtic cross in existence, a bit of stone scarcely a foot square—its reverse bearing some undeciphered inscription. There, also, is a tomb to some member of the Musgrave family, the sides of which are carved in representation of the twelve disciples, the cock that crew, the thirty pieces of silver, and the tragedy of Calvary.

Away up on the mountains, in a beautifully shaded road, I met a party of fagot gatherers—peasant women of the mountains—laden with great bundles of brush. They looked so unusual that I asked permission to photograph them. They readily assented, and stood patiently beneath their burdens while I arranged the camera.

These mountain people are said to retain most purely the characteristics of the old Irish people, as they use most habitually the old Irish language. They bantered each other with much wit and good nature, and were very agreeable chance acquaintances. They inquired so closely about the life and occupations of the American women, that I was really afraid that the conversation might lead up to the latest fashion in dress sleeves, but luckily the camera had done its work before that point was reached. When the picture had been taken, and I

had given them a trifling coin apiece, they showered blessings on my head, and then with the greatest interest inquired, "An' plaze, sir, can ye give us the latest news of the war?"

Whenever I think of Cork—a station on the *golden way*—I hear the chiming of the bells of St. Ann Shandon's church—the church of Father Prouty's song:—

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of my childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder
Sweet Cork of thee—

With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

The Irish jeweler who invited me to see a silver model of the Shandon Church, told with much pride that this model was exhibited at the World's Exposition in New Orleans, and that, being shown at a reception given by the Secretary of State, the President of the United States—Mr. Arthur—whose grandfather and father were born in Ireland, re-

THE FAGOT-BEARERS

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peated this melodious poem of Father Prouty. The church is situated on Shandon hill, a height reached by crooked streets through a poor part of the city. Its walls were built in the twelfth century, but its interior is comparatively new. Within is a font with this rude inscription, "Walker Ellinton and William ring made this pant at their charge, 1629." I climbed the narrow stone stairs and stood under, and again above, the famous bells while they pealed sweetly the quarter hour. In the churchyard, and close to the chime tower, is the tomb of the Mahony family, the Rev. Francis Mahony—"Father Prouty" —being recorded as dying in August, 1866. In this churchyard is the unusual condition of Catholic and Protestant lying in neighboring graves in the God's-rood of a Protestant church,—and the bells of one faith ring into literature through the poem of the preacher of another creed. Father Prouty, born in Cork in 1804, served two vocations, the church and journalism. He was educated as a priest in Paris, but left the priesthood for literature in 1830. Then, when the later years came, he returned to the holy life, and died in a monastery in Paris.

When the Cork races are on, the streets are crowded with life in great variety, a good-humored, pushing crowd, rich and poor alike, my lord with his grand equipage and the peasant in his humble donkey cart, seeking the same destination—the course. The racing park is a very large one, the track around it being a mile long. Outside the park gates the gamblers and fakers draw the pennies of the un-

sophisticated by all manner of devices. Within the park and forming its center, is a great turfy expanse, separated by a narrow slimy ditch from the track, but free to any one, and offering an excellent place to see the horses and the racing. To us it offered attractions that the grand stands did not—opportunities to see the people,—old Irish women selling anything from buns to pickled pigs'-feet, peasant dancers displaying the steps of the country break-downs, women with bare feet and voluble tongues, and shambling, heavy-faced men, carrying shillelahs,—the types of the most extreme stage Hibernians.

Seated by the ditch, her feet bare, her hands grimed, her face stained and seamed by out-of-door labor, puffing a short black pipe and chaffing a circle of men between puffs, was a young peasant woman, a type of her happy-go-lucky class. Her sallies drew my attention, and when she told a story I was one of her listeners. It was an old story that she told, but her rich brogue gave it freshness.

"O, poverty is a dridful thing," said she, "an' it's not any one of ye's that's knowin' how dridful. But thank God for the ginerous hearts that pities and relaves the poor. There was a man once as had had no food for three days, an' to fill his stomach he was atein' the grass by the roadside. An' there was a rich woman as saw him atein' grass by the roadside. An' she wint out of her illigant house, straight out to the poor man. An' she said to him, 'My poor man, why are ye atein' grass?' An' the man said, 'Shure it's havin' nothin' to ate for three days that I am, an'

THE BELLS-OF-SHANDON CHURCH

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I am atein' grass to fill me stomach.' 'Come wid me,' said the kind woman. Thin she led him into her house, an' it was illigant with carpets and picters an' furnityer. An' she led him straight into the dinin'-room, an' there was a table wid iverythin' that ye can think of to ate,—mate an' turkeys an' pertaties an' fish an' iverythin' all smokin' hot. An' thin the kind woman opened the door ahind the dinin'-room, an' said, 'There, my good man, go out on me lawn an' ate grass. It's thicker and higher than in the strate.'"

Seven miles from Cork are the ruins of that famous old stronghold of the McCarthy family that holds the Blarney stone.

> "There is a stone there
> That whoever kisses,
> Oh, he never misses
> To grow eloquent;
> 'Tis he may clamber
> To my lady's chamber,
> Or become a Member
> Of Parliament."

I had thought of this castle only in connection with the stone, and so the beautiful grounds wherein it is set were my first surprise. Then the extent of the castle astonished me, and its round tower, its later tower, and the old passages and ways of the place interested me. Here first I realized what a dungeon and cells might be in the troublous times of old when such towers as this were at once home and fortress. Partially made of masonry and par-

tially cut from solid rock amid the foundations of the castle were caves in which one could not stand upright, the only entrance for light a narrow slit in walls that were from seven to fourteen feet thick, and even this narrow slit was doubly and heavily grated. Low subterranean passages, winding, dark, led I know not where. The guide said one was a quarter of a mile long. "Huh," he said, as he found some bits of brush on the floor, "the badgers be buildin' here. The place is full o' thim,"—and I cared no longer to follow the feeble gleam of his candle amid their haunts. But in these underground ways were places in the solid stone that once were the stocks in which the prisoners were chained. The dungeons, the caves, and the burrowing ways were places of the most dread horror. Surely the nervous organization of the men of old was less sensitive than ours, when they could endure such living tombs an hour without madness.

"Guess the height of the tower," said the guide.

"Oh, a hundred and twenty feet," said I.

"The second exact guess within twenty years," said the keeper of the Blarney stone, "an' the ither gintleman fell the whole hundred feet whin he tried to kiss the stone, jist twenty feet from the top. Will ye be afther tryin' it, sir?"

Now he who wishes to grow eloquent by such osculation, must be hung by the heels from the dizzy parapet above, and for me it was well enough to let *I dare not* wait upon *I would*.

We walked back to Cork by a delightful road

BLARNEY CASTLE

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that led over hills from which were wide and fair prospects, by high-walled farms, and near pleasant pastures where the cattle browsed knee-deep in the herbage. In these pastures were stones that stood alone like monuments, reminding me of these lonely memorials of the dead that are seen on old and solitary New England farms. My question to a farmer brought the answer, "Thim's the scratchin' posts, sir." Lacking stone walls and trees, the pastures must have the posts to relieve the itching hides of the cattle.

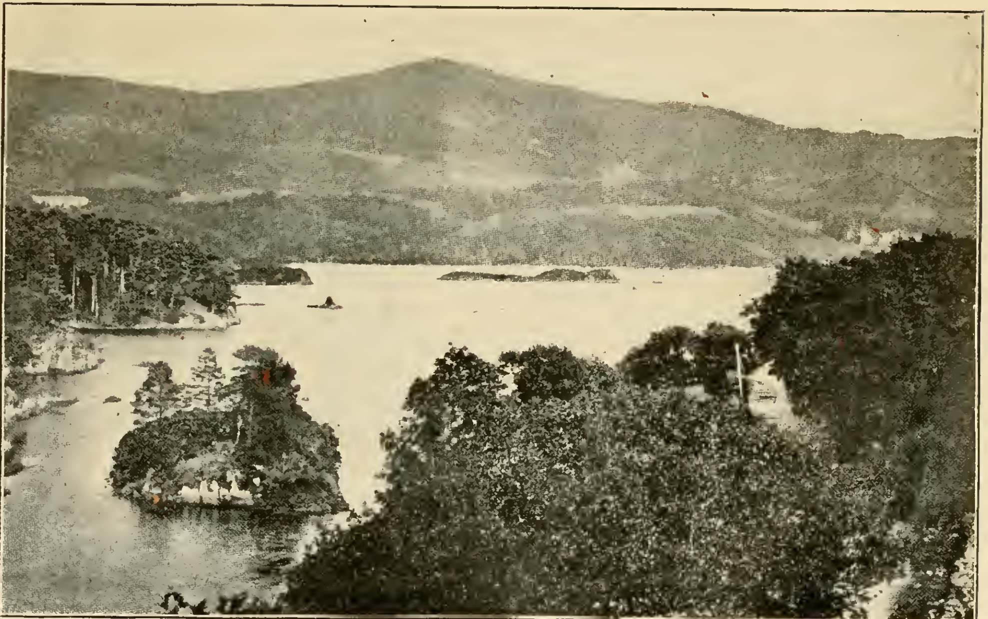
It was on our way over this road that the ripple of a bird melody fell on my ear. My eye followed the sound, and, oh, joy!—I saw the sweet musician soaring to the heavens and gently floating down again. It was the lark! Another and another flew up as we went along, pouring an unceasing gush of rippling music until the bird became a mere dot in the sky and then was lost in the blue ether. And still from somewhere beyond our vision the melody floated down like an angel's song. Then bird and song drew once more nearer earth, falling, falling, until the sweet grass was reached. Sometimes I have heard a little caged canary whose song had ceased during moulting, begin anew to tune his tender notes, uttering the sweetest and most gentle and artless of melodies. A little stronger than such caged bird's song, but strangely akin to it, full of love, of liberty, of joy, was to me the song of this blithe spirit who "singing ever soars, and soaring, ever singeth."

II.

BANTRY BAY TO LARNE: WITH A BRIEF OF IRISH HISTORY.

> Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
> Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies.

THE railway ride that lay between Cork and Bantry gave fleeting glimpses of sweet common things, quiet farms, browsing cattle and nibbling sheep, streams, now swift, now quiet, and sometimes so overspread with a white blossoming water-weed that one might have thought a thousand apple-trees had snowed their white petals down. At Bantry we took a mountain wagon for the ten-mile drive to Glengariff. A part of this ride lies along the shores of gentle Bantry Bay, across whose hazy waters the guarding mountains stand blue and dim. Into Glengariff—the "rough glen" that seemed to us so protective—the gentle west winds come with such soft breath, about it the mountains so stretch their ramparts against the attacks of harsher blasts, that semi-tropical flowers grow in luxuriance. Countless laburnums in full bloom, the arbutus which gives fruit and flower together in October, fuschias which grow to tree-like size, great wanton rose-vines, white and purple clematis, and everywhere the shining green of the holly, make charming foregrounds



GLENGARIFF BAY

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for the more distant view of the winding, island-studded bay, and the encircling hills.

The flowers and vines adorn everything, and even the jail had so clothed its stone walls with their beauty, and so formed them into lines and circles in its surrounding grounds, that it had become an apt illustration of the line,

> "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

A romantic, vine-clothed arch in a beautiful valley is the ruin of a bridge which is said to have been built by Cromwell's men in a single hour.

From Glengariff the mountain wagon took us out from the village and up and up, along a road built in the side of the mountain, on one hand the towering rocks, on the other a dizzy descent. The wind smote us through the mountain gaps, but the road was in good condition, the horses sure of foot and strong of body, and the driver careful. Views extending miles and miles, with valleys and mountains unfolding their constantly changing panorama, were before us; the mountains were rock-strewn and precipitous, and yet wherever a rood of earth appeared, smooth, green, and fertile, no matter what the height or how steep the path thereto, there some farmer had planted his rude cabin and teased the earth to bring forth fruits.

At the crest of the hills we drove into a tunnel like the eye of a needle, and when half-way through it the driver said, "Gintlemin, ye have passed from the County Cork to the County Kerry." Glorious, in-

deed, was this first view of the County Kerry from the crest of Turner's Rock. Wild, bold, and clear, the numerous peaks of the Magillicuddy Reeks lay before us. Valleys roughly carved, and hills carelessly thrown up by the hand of Nature, stretched far and far away, and winding back and forth was the thread-like line of the road that was to bring us to Kenmare. To come from such sublime heights into a village where beauty and ugliness were close neighbors, and which was engrossed with a pig fair, was a descent to the ridiculous. The streets were filled with all conditions of life, all sorts of persons and wagons and pigs. There was the *gintleman* pig that had ridden to market in his own cart, and the more plebeian *porcus* who had walked in at the end of a rope, the other end of which his master carried. The pigs strongly objected to any change of ownership, and wailed loudly, sharply and constantly, at the touch of stranger hands.

Again our road swept up the mountain sides, past peat beds, rude gardens, and hovels from which the children started and ran long distances beside the coach to catch any penny which might be thrown to them. Occasionally these children would offer us small bunches of the Killarney fern, most delicate, brown, transparent fronds, for which they must have searched long and sharply, so rare are they.

By and by from the height we caught sight of silver patches in the green valley below, the goal of our long journey, the lakes of Killarney. Now the road came down to a level stretch, and we rode

CROMWELL'S BRIDGE

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through scenes of quiet beauty, over miles of roads like those of a private park, where great flowering rhododendrons leaned over to us and flowers bordered the wayside,—and then we came to a magnificent avenue of trees, the close approach to the village.

The lakes of Killarney, full of light and gladness, lie among the mountains as a smile between lips that else are somber and stern. They are as rich in romance as a lover's heart, as musical with song and legend as an old bard's harp. An old poem called them the "tenth wonder of Ireland," but no one remembers the other nine. Numberless streams rush and fall down the mountain sides to become the waters of these enchanting lakes, and the sides of the hills clothe themselves with the most luxuriant verdure to become a setting fit for their beauty. Nowhere does the arbutus grow so profusely, nowhere do the noble elm and ash so mingle their dark and light green drapery as here to enhance the luster and light of the lakes.

The legendary story of the origin of these lakes is this: Once in the far-off time when all such tales were true, a noble knight often came here to woo a fair maiden. And whenever he came she gave him to drink a glass of water that sparkled like the mountain dew, and tasted to his lips like the rarest wine.—Such witchery of transformation does love work with common things!—But when he teased her to disclose the fountain whence she drew such water, she coyly refused, and begged him not to ask. For her fairy godmother had given her the power

that if she should touch her lips unto a certain stone in the valley such water should gush forth until she kissed it again. Now one day her lover came while she was absent at the fairy spring, and not finding her within her home went out to seek her. Love perhaps led him, for he went to the valley and surprised her at the spring. So confused was she that she ran to ask him to turn back and wait for her; but so won was she by his sweet greeting that she forgot all else and wandered long in the pleasant ways. Then when she remembered and ran back to stay the flow of the fountain, the stone was hidden deep beneath the waters which had gushed forth. She plunged beneath the waters; her lover-knight plunged after her; and there they abide to this day.

From the smallest and most beautiful of the three lakes—the Upper Lake—the Long Range makes a channel, parting at Dinish Island to join on the one side Muckross Lake, and on the other Lough Leane —the Lower Lake. The water way just before the dividing of the Long Range at Dinish Island, beneath the Old Weir Bridge, is a mad current, needing a skilful pilot to make the pass.

From lovely Dinish Island the water way leads beneath the Brickeen Bridge into the Lower Lake—Lough Leane—a gentle stretch of water when the winds are stilled, but passionate and furiously rough when the breezes sweep down from the mountains to excite it. At the far end the river Laune forms its outlet.

THE UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY

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A long shaded way, leading from Killarney village past the estate of Lord Kenmare, brought us early one morning to the ruins of Ross Castle overlooking Lough Leane. Here dwelt the great O'Donahue in the days of Cromwell's invasion. There was a legend that this stronghold could never be taken by land. A young girl of the village, who knew how strong was the faith of the garrison in this tradition—so the story goes—was woed by one of Cromwell's men, and revealed the secret in a confidential mood to him. One morning the garrison saw a fleet of boats approaching from around the point of a near island. Giving way at once to despair, they surrendered without a shot, while the O'Donahue leaped from the top of the castle into the waters of the lake.

The boatman who was our guide, counselor, and raconteur, in a most delightful day upon the lakes, told us this legend, and added: "An' he appears iv'ry siven years, gintlemin, an' if ye comes here nixt May, shure ye may say him."

As we rowed away from Ross Castle, Roberts, the boatman, pointed to a little island of scarcely a rood in surface:—

"An' there's where sich of the O'Donahue's min as were refractory were sint, an' he gave thim enough bread, but he said, 'Shure ye'll no be wantin' inythin' to drink whin there's so much water aroun'!"

A curious rock-formation is called "O'Donahue's honeycomb," and on the authority of Roberts if one

crumbles a bit into a glass of water, it will cure the toothache.

In Muckross Lake is a small island called "Devil's Island."

"An' let me tell yes," said Roberts, "how thet island came there. Do ye say thet mountain up there with the hole in the side? Well, the divil one marnin' hed jist taken a bite out of thet mountain for his breakfast, and gone on a walk across the lake, whin he met the O'Donahue. The O'Donahue was a very polite man, an' whin he met the divil, 'Good marnin' to your lardship,' says the O'Donahue. Now the divil did not wish to be outdone in politeness by the O'Donahue, an' 'Good marnin' to yoursilf,' says the divil. An' whin he opened his mouth, the mouthful fell out an' made thet island.

"I was a-tellin' these stories, some years ago, to some American gintlemin," continued Roberts, "an' the nixt mornin' I met one of thim. He came up to me, an' his face was thet sober thet I knew he had sorrow in his mind. 'Ah, Roberts,' says he, 'I have bad news for ye.' 'An' what may it be?' says I. 'It's sad indade thet ye'll be,' says he, 'for your old frind, the divil, is dead.' 'Me frind, the divil is dead,' says I, an' I was dumfounded, an' I wint away an' I thocht for fifteen minutes. Thin I came back to the man, and I offered him a pinny. 'What'll thet be for, Roberts?' says he. 'I wants ye to take it,' says I. 'Indade, Roberts, I don't want your pinny,' says he; 'why should I take it?' 'Take it, an' I'll tell ye,' says I. There were some

THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE

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young ladies with him, an' they tazed him to take the pinny, an' so he did. 'Now, Roberts,' says he, 'tell me why you gave me the pinny.' 'Well,' says I, 'it is the custom in ould Ireland, whin a parent dies, to take up a contribution for his beraved children. An' the pinny's your share,' says I."

Into Muckross Lake the waters of the Torc Cascade rush through a narrow wooded defile after breaking into white foam over a ledge seventy feet high,—having escaped from a pool away upon the Mangerton Mountains that is called the "Devil's Punchbowl." Legend has it that this punchbowl is bottomless.

"An' let me tell yes," said Roberts, "two years ago an American gintleman came here, an' he wint up to thet very punchbowl. It was a very warm day, an' he says to me, 'Roberts, I'll be after havin' a swim here.' 'Indade ye must not,' says I; 'there's no bottom to the hole, sir.' 'Thin, Roberts,' says he, 'I'll jest dive through it.' An nather mesilf nor his frinds could prevint him. So he made a great spring, an' down he wint. We waited for him to rise, an' he never came. Tin minutes, an' he wasn't back. An hour more, an' we gathered up his clothes and wint back to his hotel. His frinds were distracted, an' they wint up the nixt day, but there was no trace of him. They waited here two wakes for him, thinkin' his body would rise, but it didn't. Now, gintlemin, twelve weeks from the day thet he dived there came a tilegram from Australia, sayin', 'I've arrived. Sind on me clothes.'"

Adown Lough Leane, and on the way to O'Sullivan's Cascade, we passed Stag Island, the scene of the O'Sullivan's famous fishing.

"The O'Sullivan, gintlemin," said Roberts, "was a mighty man, an' he lived in the mountains up there. An' he used to brew the bist punch in the world, an' he was thet ginerous thet he used to come to thet island an' offer it to ivery one who passed. An' while he waited, he used to fish, gintlemin, right at thet pint. Now, one day, when the O'Sullivan came down to thet island, he had a new ash pole thet he had cut jest thet day on the mountains. An' no sooner had he flung his line than he hooked a tremendous salmon. He pulled an' he pulled, an' whin he had him jest above the water, the rod broke right away in the middle, an' away wint the salmon with one-half the rod. 'Ah, well,' says the O'Sullivan, 'it's later I'll be seein' ye.' The nixt day the O'Sullivan got a new rod an' came again to his island to fish. An' no sooner had he cast his line than he felt a tremendous weight at the ither end. An' thin the O'Sullivan bint himself, an' he pulled with sich tremendous might thet he threw his catch away over on the mountain yonder. Now a twelvemonth before, gintlemin, some mountain people a-goin' to market, had wrecked their boat with all their firkins of butter an' eggs right in thet spot. An' whin the O'Sullivan made his catch, shure it was a fine firkin of butter thet he caught. An' he threw it with sich force, gintlemin, thet it killed a rid deer in the woods on the mountain. So

the O'Sullivan caught a firkin of butter an' a rid deer.

"A twelve-years later there was a dance o' the country people away down on the bridge over the Laune, at the ind o' the lake, where the water rins out an' away to the say. An' the O'Sullivan was there, an' he was a-dancin' a bit of a jig, for he was the bist dancer in the counthry, an' whin the O'Sullivan danced iverybody looked on an' clappit his hands to kape the time. An' while the O'Sullivan was dancin' he saw the people rin to the side o' the bridge an' look out towards the way of the say. An' the O'Sullivan stopped his dancin' an' wint to look too. An' what he saw was an ash tree a-standin' straight out o' the water an' a-comin' up the stream. An' what do you think, gintlemin!—it was the O'Sullivan's broken ash rod with twelve years' growth on it, that the salmon thet got away with it was a-bringin' back."

If I have not mentioned sweet Innisfallen, it is that I might come back to it as our boat did, to enjoy its peacefulness after the long day upon the lakes.

It lies not far from Ross Castle, huge trees shading it, and the softest of turf carpeting it, with stretches where the sun lies on it, turning to a golden green its emerald verdure. Here is the largest and the oldest holly-tree in the world, and here a hawthorn into whose trunk the holly and the ivy have grown so closely as to form one texture. Here is a well that is ever filled with water—a curious cup on the side of a tree, five or six inches across

and eighteen inches deep. I found it brimming with the purest water. "An' whoever dips his hand in this water," said Roberts, "an' laves the wake part of his body, in faith may find his wakeness sthronger,"—a sort of Delphic utterance. The ruined Abbey of Innisfallen leads back our thoughts thirteen hundred years to that remote time when the leper, St. Finian Lobhar, founded these crumbling walls. The "Annals of Innisfallen," the oldest version of which is in the Bodleian Library of Oxford, was written by two monks, and was a history of the world to the time of St. Patrick in 432, and a narrative of events in Ireland from that time until 1319. The "Annals" says that "in 1180 the Abbey, which was considered the most secure place in all Ireland, and was the place of deposit of much gold and silver and precious goods, was plundered by Mildwin, the son of Daniel O'Donahue, and many persons were slain in this very cemetery."

Over one ancient grave, that of the Abbot, as some aver, or one of the ancient kings, as others say, nature has placed a curious protection. Above it grows a large and venerable tree, so lifted into the air by its four huge roots that one may look beneath and see the stone of the grave. But the roots so bind and guard it that the stone cannot be removed or disturbed, save by destroying the tree.

"The island," said Roberts, "is the bist grazin' land in all Ireland, an' if ye will belave it, gintlemin, if a ewe lamb be put in here to-night, he'll be a fat schape to-morrow."

INNISFALLEN

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The evening fell as we pushed our boat from this fairy isle, over which the odors blew from blossoming hawthorns; by whose walks, trodden for more than a thousand years by saints and poets and—alas! —men of blood and greed, the pure daisies turn upward their gentle faces, and the shamrock grows with more profusion and delicacy than elsewhere. I bore bunches in my hands as I came away, bunches which Roberts had chosen for me, and I thought of how beautifully the Irish melodist sang its origin and meaning:—

"Thro Erin's isle, to sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wandered,
With Wit, the Sprite, whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered;
Where'er they pass a triple grass
Shoots up with dew-drops streaming,—
As softly green as emeralds, seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.

"Oh, the Shamrock! the green immortal Shamrock!
The chosen leaf of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

"Says Valor, 'See! they spring for me,
These leafy gems of morning!'
Says Love! 'No, no—for me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning.'
But Wit perceives the triple leaves,
And cries, 'Oh, do not sever
A type that blends three god-like friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, forever.'"

The sky grew sullen as we came back to Ross Castle; the water was no longer placid; the waves tossed us; and our boatman, plying his strong and

skilful arms, told us his last story of the O'Donahue:

"Now, gintlemin, let me tell ye the last story about the O'Donahue. If ye should see this lake some days, ye'd not belave a boat could live to cross it. It's the O'Donahue thet's a-troublin' it, an' let me tell ye why he troubles it. The O'Donahue was a man of mighty larnin', an' he had a power, gintlemin. He had agrade with the divil thet he should have the power to turn himself into any baste that walks the earth or flies in the air, or swims in the water. But if any woman, bad cess to thim!—should shrake while he had the power, he must stay in the shape he was thin, whativer it might be. So the O'Donahue, for the pleasure of his friends, used to exercise his power, but he took care thet on thim occasions no woman should be prisent to say him. Now the O'Donahue had a fine wife, an' he loved her as the apple of his eye. An' his wife's mither says to his wife: 'It's a fine power thet your husband has, an' it must be exsaydingly amusin' to say him become a fine stag or a great fish.' 'Indade, I have niver seen him,' says the O'Donahue's wife to her mither. 'Shure, it's a poor husband thet will not amuse his own wife,' says the O'Donahue's wife's mither. 'Taze him to show ye his power, for it would shame ye to have ivery spalpeen in the county know thet the O'Donahue has the power, an' his own wife has niver seen it. So the O'Donahue's wife tazed her husband to show her his power. 'Shure, me swatest heart,' says she, 'it's no fine thing

that a stranger may say your meracles, an' your wife niver behold thim. Shrake, would I? It's not in me heart to shrake at any man, an' much less would I shrake at a baste.' So her bright eyes like the stars an' her yellow hair like the gold won the O'Donahue. Thin the O'Donahue became a splendid stag sich as niver before was seen, an' he ran roun' the court, an' thin lay down at the feet of his wife. An' she clappit her pretty hands an' cried, 'Shure, an' I'm proud this day.' Thin the O'Donahue became a mighty aigle, an' he flew to the top o' the mountain an' brought back a baby fawn in his beak. 'Shure, it's a happy wife thet I am,' says the O'Donahue's wife. Thin the O'Donahue would have stopped, but she begged him to be a fish. So the O'Donahue wint to the top of his castle, an' he made a sort o' pool there, an' he became an illigant great fish. An' he swam roun' an' roun'. An' as he swam the castle began to go roun' an' roun', too, all topsy-turvy like. An' whin the O'Donahue's wife saw the castle all whirligig, she shraked out suddently. Thin the O'Donahue leaped into the lake, an' there he is this minnit. An' whin he is mad, shure he stirs up the whole lake till a boat on it is no more than a leaf. An' gintlemin, do ye know why Adam was the happiest man in the world? Because he had no mother-in-law, shure, gintlemin."

It is a long and many chaptered story—that of the beautiful Emerald Isle. Its history emerges

from myths of giants and fairies, of magicians and soothsayers, of valiant knights and lovely ladies, like the morning land from the mists of the night. Lady Cæsair ruled this land before the Deluge, and Partholan, a descendant of Japhet, was its lord after that event. A terrible pestilence swept the dread race of Partholan from the land, and then came Nemedh from the borders of the Black Sea. Later a tribe of negro sea-rovers, the Formosians, came from Africa and conquered the island, but, after a time, the Firbolgs, a division of the Nemedhians, returned, regained the country, and divided it into five kingdoms, one for each of the brothers who were their chiefs.

Not long after this division another tribe of the Nemedhian race, the Tuatha de Danans, magicians from the country of Greece, won the land and they held it long. The Nemedhians were small in stature and dark in color. Pitted against them in the next struggle for supremacy were the Aryans, robust, fair, tall, and mighty in all the arts of war. These Aryans are known in history as Gaels, Milesians, Scots, but most commonly Celts. They came from Britain and the shores of Spain, and were, probably, the descendants of the Phœnecians who settled early in those places. They fought not only the strength but also all the mystic arts of the Tuatha, and, fighting, conquered. It is this Celtic race that has given Ireland its character, and its people their characteristics. It is the Celts that were the Irish people when tradition became history. Under

them Ireland had harbors and commerce, carrying the peaceful arts of trade to the shores of the Mediterranean, and the bravery of war against the Roman strongholds in Britain and Gaul. These people were Druids. The first authentic figure in Irish history appears when a young Gaul, St. Patrick, set up the Cross of Christianity against the rites of Druidism.

St. Patrick was born in what is now Boulogne in France, about the year 400. While he was yet a youth, Nial, the king of Ireland, overran France, and carried the young Patrick back to Ireland to be a slave,—and on the Antrim hills he tended the sheep of his master, Milcho. When he was twenty-three he escaped, and, returning to Gaul, became a most devout Christian. He lived in Tours awhile, and then went to Rome, where he enjoyed high favor at the papal court. But ever before his eyes there rose the memory of the horrible sacrifices that he had seen in the country of his slavery, ever there was with him the thought of the degradation and ignorance of this people, and in his dreams he seemed to see a scroll on which was inscribed, "The voice of the Irish." So, with the permission of Pope Celestine, he went back to Ireland. He was beaten from the coast of Wicklow, where he would have landed first, and so came to the country of his servitude, Antrim. His eloquence, his fire, his earnestness, excited the admiration of his enemies. He converted even the arch-priest of the Druids, and many of the highest chiefs. He changed the pagan days of celebration into Christian festivals. He founded

monasteries and established missions. He led in his retinue artisans of many trades, brewers, smiths, artificers in metals, workers in embroideries, and so diffused the gentle industries of peace. Finally, in the monastery of Saul, erected where he first had preached the new religion in Ireland, he died at the ripe age of ninety, having brought the whole nation to loyalty to the Christian religion.

Now Ireland became renowned for its piety and learning. It was called the "Isle of Saints." It was the seat of such schools that thousands of students from Europe came yearly to be taught there. But jealousy and ambition provoked internal troubles among the chiefs of the different provinces of Ireland. Then followed the invasion by the Normans; the subjugation by Henry of England; the long centuries of factions and quarrels; massacres and seizures and persecutions by these foreign conquerors, until in 1642 the Ten Years Revolt started its dread and bloody history. Then Cromwell became lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and led that remarkable army of Ironsides which had crushed the royal power at Naseby, to conquer and convert the Irish. It is Cromwell with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, Cromwell who spared not the life of woman or child, but made the streets brooks of blood, that made Ireland desolate, and left a name with which the women frighten their disobedient children until this day. Cromwell, victorious, at first would have swept all the Irish from the land, but modified this intention so far that he drove them from the

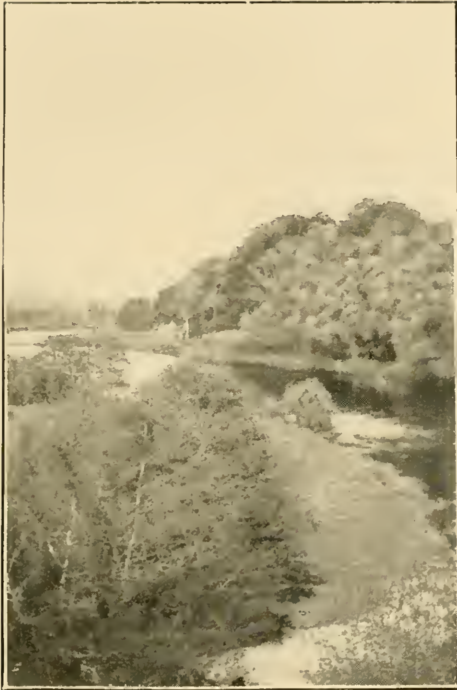
fertile provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Leinster, into the less productive province of Connaught.

Then came in succession the more tolerant Charles, James, who sought to establish Catholic supremacy, and William of Orange, the champion of Protestantism in Europe, and the struggles of the adherents of James with those of the new king. So, on the banks of the river Boyne, thirty-six thousand men under William, representing the Protestant cause, fought with thirty thousand Irish and French, representing the Catholic cause, and the battle, contested with the greatest bravery on both sides, resulted in the victory of the house of Orange. There followed the tyrannical penal laws that prostrated Ireland at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and the desperation of a people, that led them to form bands of "Whiteboys," and "Oakboys," to retaliate upon those who were their oppressors. In the midst of so much misery were born intellectual Irishmen and intellectual movements that shine like sunlight upon the land in this darkened period. Swift, Berkeley, Skelton, and, later in the century, Sterne, Goldsmith, Burke, and Sheridan, gave luster to the Irish name in literature, while the Dublin Philosophical Society, the Physico-Historical Society, and the Dublin Society, gave an impetus to learning, arts, and industry, that was the seed of saving and redemption to Ireland. Gradually the penal laws were less rigidly enforced, but the struggle for equal rights for the Catholic and the Protestant was still active. Obstinate George the Third opposed such

equality, and out of the struggle came the insurrection of 1798, in which Ireland, led by as noble a band of patriots as graces the pages of history, strove to throw off English supremacy and become an independent nation. The struggle was unavailing, and the defeat of the Irish was followed by the merging of their parliament with that of the English parliament.

There have been years of famine, later revolts, land leagues, and the assassination in Phœnix Park —most sad, indeed, for Ireland!—to complete the woeful story of so many years. What the future has for Ireland we cannot discern, but if it be as fair as the face of the country, as bright as the wits of its people are quick and their hearts kind, the future historian will write peace, plenty, and prosperity, where the annalist of the past has inscribed struggle, famine, and misery.

The way that led from Killarney to Dublin was long enough for me to think over this and much else of Ireland's story—so sad a story for so beautiful an island!—and Dublin, called the eye of Ireland, is full of things that remind one of her history. One of her cathedrals is that of St. Patrick. Trinity College recalls the zeal for learning that has made the land famous. The restrictions that until 1792 forbade the granting of a degree to any Roman Catholic, and did not place them on an equality with Protestants until 1872, are remembrances of the proscription struggles. The statues of Edmund Burke



MEADOW AND WINDING STREAM

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and Oliver Goldsmith before the gateway of the university, keep fresh the memory of her statesmen and men of letters, while the statue of Grattan in College Green recalls the opposition to the union of the parliament of Ireland with that of England. What a picture for a national Irish Gallery would be that of this eloquent patriot, through whom Ireland secured the independence of her parliament, dragging his feeble body into the House, eight years later, and, too feeble to rise, speaking with a fire that was ineffectual, but that glowed more and more brilliantly, that brought vehemence to his words and strength to his voice, against the bill for union.

The stately buildings, guarded by red-coated sentinels, now the Bank of Ireland, were formerly her Hall of Parliament. Nelson's tall monument honors the record of Ireland's sons in naval warfare, while Phœnix Park recalls the tragedy, the murder of Lord Cavendish, that has set the cause of greater independence back many years.

Out from the slums beggars stole their way to Sackville Street, women with anæmic infants wrapped in their shawls, old hags, looking like the witches of Macbeth,--the seamy side of life asserting its presence in a street along which the rich swept in their carriages, and whose shops attested the ministering to luxury. There were riots, too, while we were there,--the old, old outbreak of hot blood between the green and the orange.

From Dublin to Belfast the way is for a long

distance within sight of the Irish sea, and over its surface the white-winged boats, like birds, were skimming. Along the sea beaches the kelp-gatherers were loading the gift of the sea into their brown carts. Meadows full of large golden iris gave the touch of yellow that the gorze had hitherto afforded, and golden poppies grew luxuriantly by the neatly-kept railway stations. So the land seems impartial in this contest of colors, and wears upon her breast the green and orange alike. We passed Drogheda, where even now the cabmen point out the street that was astream with the blood shed by Cromwell's Ironsides—and Ironhearts. We went by Lisburn where acres of the soft green turf were covered with sheets of linen cloth and heaps of linen thread,—the *bleaching greens*,—seen nowhere else in the world.

If I had not taken a long walk that brought me to the University part of Belfast, and to its Botanic Garden, I should have written down the city as uninteresting, but in this quiet quarter there is compensation for the bustle and noise of the business part. The Garden is as interesting as any in the two worlds, and the beautiful fern house, where each variety grows as in its native haunts, and where the skilful arrangement of walks, the increase of distances by the effect of mirrors, the placing of miniature waterfalls here and there, make pictures for the artist and give delight to the botanist, has the added grace of an enthusiastic and most courteous curator.

Though a thousand charming places in this wonderful island said, "Lead hither, lead hither!" the *golden way* led now to Larne, and across to Scotland. Larne is a prettily situated town, but fairer far than any beauty of situation, is "Helen's Tower" and the filial love to which it is a monument. It enshrines some verses which the mother of the present Earl of Dufferin addressed to him on his coming of age:

TO MY DEAR BOY ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY.

WITH A SILVER LAMP.

Fiat Lux.

How shall I bless thee! human love
  Is all too poor in passionate words;
The heart aches with a sense above
  All language that the lip affords:
Therefore a symbol shall express
  My love, a thing nor rare nor strange,
But yet eternal, measureless,
  Knowing no shadow and no change:
Light, which of all the lovely shows
  To our poor world of shadows given,
The fervent prophet-voices chose
  Alone as attribute of heaven.
At a most solemn pause we stand;
  From this day forth forevermore
The weak but loving human hand
  Must cease to guide thee as of yore;
Then as through life thy footsteps stray
  And earthly beacons dimly shine,
"Let there be light" upon thy way,
  And holier guidance than mine.
"Let there be light" in thy clear soul
  When passion tempts or doubts assail;

When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll
"Let there be light" that shall not fail.

So, angel-guarded, may'st thou tread
The narrow path which few may find;
And at the end look back nor dread
To count the vanished years behind;
And pray that she whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's own glorious light at last.

III.

AULD AYR TO EDINBURGH.

> O Caledonia, stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child,
> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood.

FROM Larne to Stranraer, from Erin to Scotia, there is a nasty bit of sea—the English adjective quite expresses its quality,—quickly forgotten however, in the ride to Ayr,—

> "Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
> For honest men and handsome lassies."

I had thought of Ayr, carelessly of course, as a simple hamlet, a few cottages huddled together into a neighborhood, stretches of farmland, and naught but the memory of Bobby Burns to give it interest and color. So the city of Ayr with its fine harbor, steamers arriving and departing, ships a-building, the wide sands, the grand promenade along its beach, its beautiful villas, and its general bustle and thrift, was a surprise. But the older quarter was distinctly reminiscent of the poet. His statue stands in the square, the shops are full of pictures and souvenirs of him, and the inns have names that suggest his poems and appeal to the tourist. But Burns was born in a parish of Ayr, Alloway,—and thither we walked along the road over which once

Tam O'Shanter rode on his gray mare, Meg. The way was of little interest, although the larks soared and sung, the trees, bending above us, gave shifting shadows and lights to the road, the few cottages were trim and neat, and the hedges that shut us deeply in and hid all the wayside views were trimly cut. Out from this hedged-in way we came suddenly to the bare Alloway neighborhood, its cottages set close to the road and seeming to lie asleep in the full sun.

The Burns cottage crowds close upon the road. To the original home, still thatch-roofed, two additions have been made, one at either end; so it is now a triple cottage, with three front doors, the second being that of the old house. In the photograph one division is hidden because of the angle at which it joins the first structure. Entering the third door, and passing through a turnstile, we were met by a neat woman who took the "tuppence-ha' penny" admission, and showed us directly to the room where Burns was born. The floor is flagged as of old, the fireplace that burned bright in his day shows its well-swept hearth, and a niche in the wall holds the bed wherein he was born. When his family lived here the room was lighted only by a little window a foot square, with four tiny lights of glass. The old dresser owned by Burns's father is in the room, but all of the rest of the furniture is of more recent date. Across a small dividing entry is the old "best room," now used for the sale of pictures and mementoes.

THE BURNS COTTAGE, ALLOWAY

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In the new part of the house is an interesting collection of Burns memorials, among them his commonplace book, recently bought for $365, and the original manuscript of *Tam O'Shanter*. The page of the poem on which my glance fell contained the oft quoted lines :—

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow falls in the river,
> A moment white then melts forever."

How much of Burns's deeper moralizing he wrought into his poems! No one, surely, has expressed the moral waste of his life more sadly than he in his poem to the mouse whose nest the plow-share had destroyed :—

> "Still thou art blest compared wi' me!
> The present only toucheth thee:
> But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
> On prospects drear!
> An' forward, tho' I canna' see,
> I guess and fear."

In the room are Tam O'Shanter's chair, the Stirrup Cup with the inscription,

> "Nae man can tether time or tide;
> The hour approaches, Tam maun ride:
> —That hour o'Night's black arch the key-stane,"

a candlestick and toddy-cup used in "Nanse Tannock's," Mauchline, and there are on the walls bas-reliefs, copies of those on his monument, rep-

resenting *The Vision*—the spirit of poetry appearing to Burns in this rude hut,—*The Cottar's Saturday Night*, and *Tam at Alloway Kirk*. The three poetical tributes placed conspicuously in the room are each by an American author,—Longfellow's exquisite poem, *Robert Burns*, Fitz-Greene Halleck's *To a Rose brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire, in the Autumn of* 1822, and a newspaper clipping, a poem, *Written in Burns's Cottage*, signed "An American."

A little way beyond this genius-haunted cottage we found Alloway Kirk, the ruins of a small church, the sides standing, the roof gone, its date 1516, its churchyard closely tenanted with the dead. In front of the Kirk is the grave of Burns's father with his son's beautiful tribute cut on the back of the stone.

On the steps sat an old man, who responded to some question of mine by repeating in rich Scotch dialect a long description from *Tam O'Shanter*, and who then became our guide about the yard and Kirk.

It was a drawing of Alloway Kirk in Grosse's *Antiquities of Scotland*, that caused Burns to put in metrical form the story that had long been told of a man who, riding home from Ayr late one night, saw a light in Alloway Kirk. Led by curiosity to look in, he found that a dance of witches was in full action, the De'il himself playing the bagpipe. Now one of these witches was so animated in dancing, her garment fell so far above her ankles, that the spectator forgot himself and cried "Weel loupen,

ALLOWAY KIRK Page 64

short sark!" Instantly the whole fiend mob was in full chase after him, and his escape was as narrow as that of Tam. The door wherein Tam looked is that shown in the picture. I took another view of the front, a little girl who was eating a huge piece of bread sitting on the steps, but the maid covered her modest face with her arm, and gave a shy glance from the crook of her elbow, and—well, I feel sure that this modern little witch was more successful than the ones of old with Tam, for a plague fell on the plate, and the image looked as if the old Nick himself had had a hand in its development.

When Irving visited Alloway, he found a carpenter working among the ruins to convert it into a schoolhouse. This man had known Burns, and paid him the graceful tribute of saying that, "it seemed as if the country had grown more beautiful since Burns had written his bonnie little songs about it."

He who is interested in Burns goes, of course, to see the collection of memorials in the Burns Monument, and then he wanders to "Bonnie Doon," and lingers by its banks and braes, or he crosses the auld brig o' Doon, and stands for a moment above the keystane where Maggie saved her master but left behind her ain gray tail.

Along the bay road back to Ayr the hawthorn was in full bloom, the views more extended and beautiful than those on the Tam O'Shanter road. Some great draught horses in the pasture on the other side of the fence, arched their strong necks and went galloping and prancing over the hills, re-

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turning to look at us with their beautiful, intelligent eyes, and seeming to say, "The auld Mag spirit still lives."

The great busy city of Glasgow furnished us but a night's lodging on our way to Loch Lomond. The day was too rare,—the sky deep blue, the air clear and deliciously cool,—to be spent in the haunts of men, but it was ideal for the lake route. We entered Loch Lomond where the Leven flows from it, at Ballochport. The charm of the region is felt immediately by him who floats upon these waters. Surrounded by rugged and bold mountains, studded with picturesque islands, the enchantment of days of struggle and combat making every peak and valley storied, I felt as if I were crossing some water plain that stretched before the ramparts of a great stronghold, still armed and guarded, still besieged and defended, by mighty but shadowy warriors. Seen from Loch Lomond, Ben-lomond is a monarch, majestic, dignified; Ben-voirlich, Ben-arthur, and Ben-venue do him homage, and yet each retains a supremacy of its own. The little villages are so small and so peaceful, the mountain sides are so quiet, that one is almost astonished to recall that the MacFarlands came down like wolves in the night upon the nestling hamlet of Luss and put to the sword every man, woman, and child that was found there; that the feuds of the Colquhouns and Macgregors made of a peaceful glade the "Valley of Lamentation;" that the clan Macgregor for its atro-

BONNIE DOON, AND ITS OLD BRIDGE

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cities was so outlawed that for four of them to meet together was a capital crime; and that the Amazonian wife of Rob Roy dared face the host of those who pursued her husband here, asking, "Why is the land of my fathers invaded?"

When we changed boats before crossing Loch Katrine, the lad who sold papers and views on the boat, a neat and pleasant Scotch laddie, gave me a bunch of beautiful pansies "for thoughts." They were pleasant thoughts of the day and the journey and the courtesy of a stranger lad, but there were other thoughts,—for when I recalled the bloody and merciless forays of these old Scotch clans, to whom neither sex nor infancy was an appeal, I thought more tenderly of our red men, in whose untutored breasts passions no more restrained had given birth to deeds no more atrocious.

I said that Ben-voirlich, Ben-arthur, and Ben-venue, while doing homage to Ben-lomond, had each a supremacy of its own. Loch Katrine seems to lie within the dominance of Ben-venue. So thought the great *Wizard of the North*, who has made this land alive for all time with the characters of the *Lady of the Lake*. It is with the eyes of the Knight of the Chase that each traveler sees this enchanting loch:—

> "One burnished sheet of living gold
> Loch Katrine low beneath him rolled,—
> In all her length far winding lay
> With promontory, creek, and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light;
> And mountains that like giants stand

> To sentinel enchanted land.
> High on the south huge Ben-venue
> Down on the lake in masses threw
> Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world.
> A wildering forest feathered o'er
> His ruined sides and summit hoar."

No history-haunted castle or grandeur-gilded palace is viewed with more interested gaze than that that falls on "Ellen's Isle." An exquisite fragment of land it is, where heather and ferns form the softest of sylvan carpets, and mountain-ash trees, slender birches, somber pines, and here and there a venerable oak, form arched coverings, and the dark rocks are lightened by pale gray lichens. Romance was never localized in a spot more befitting.

Beyond Katrine the *golden way*, whose track had lain across the Scottish lakes, lighted now the road through the Trossachs. And such a beautiful road! Its beginning is amid birch trees, set well apart,—the sun flooding the spaces between them and displaying the soft, green foliage that lies upon their graceful, swaying limbs as lightly as a sea-green robe upon a blonde maiden. The way lies along rugged mountain sides with distant views of lake and hill. In early summer the heather sleeps brown on all these hills, the white birches gleaming against it; but in August and September it wakens and swathes them with royal purple. The black and white mountain sheep were everywhere cropping the short grass as we rode through, and the little lambs were frisk-

ing as all living youth does. Back and forth and around our mountain wagon wound through successive and ever new revelations of beauty, to Aberfoyle.

Our companions on this ride were mostly Scotch people, with a very agreeable spirit of Scotch pleasantry. Some discussion of fees and the ever open palm of the servants led me to tell the old story of the American who went away from his business for change and rest. "But, ah," said he, "the waiters got the change and the landlords got the rest." The threadbare story touched the Scotch sense of humor, and they grimly chuckled over it for a long time. Their stories were mainly of the visit of the Queen and the Prince Consort to this region.

"Did ye hear," said one, "what auld Nance Tavish said to her Majesty? 'God bless my eyes,' said auld Nance, 'that I have lived to see this day. An' how old is your Majesty, an' how old is Mr. Albert?' And it was Nance's goodman who said to her Majesty when she graciously thanked him for some service, 'Hoot, woman, haud yer tongue! What's a trifle like that between me and ye?'"

The driver pointed to a little loch as we began the descent to Aberfoyle. "That's Loch Drunkid," said he, "but some folks call it Loch Whisky." "Loch Whisky, in Scotland?" was the quick response, "Sure man, a lake by that name would be drunk dry immediately."

On the train from Aberfoyle to Edinburgh we saw a new type—the farm lads and lassies,—such a class

as Thomas Hardy sketches so faithfully and so repulsively in his later novels. It was the day when old bargains ended and new ones began, and these farm boys and girls were changing places and employers. Their large muscular hands were grimed and callonsed by out-of-door work, but their faces had a certain animal beauty and were far better than their manners. They chaffed and bantered each other in a dialect of which I could understand only the humor; one over another they crowded their heads out of the windows on each side of the compartment and shouted compliments to the places and people that they were leaving; and when the train sped on they still hung, a sort of grinning rosette decoration, on either side of the car. When they had left us almost breathless after such an exuberant display of life, the seat opposite me was taken by a tall austere-looking Scotchman. Barring the frequent tapping of his snuff-box, he was more pleasant than his looks, and more communicative than I had reason to expect. Some chance remark, some quotation from Burns, opened a floodgate. He repeated Burns's poems to me with diminuendo and crescendo movements, with fortissimo and pianissimo passages, until I found the movement of the car setting itself to a stanza of *A Prayer*:—

> "But if I must afflicted be,
> To suit some wise design;
> Then man my soul with firm resolves
> To bear and not repine."

It must have been in sheer desperation, and *vi et*

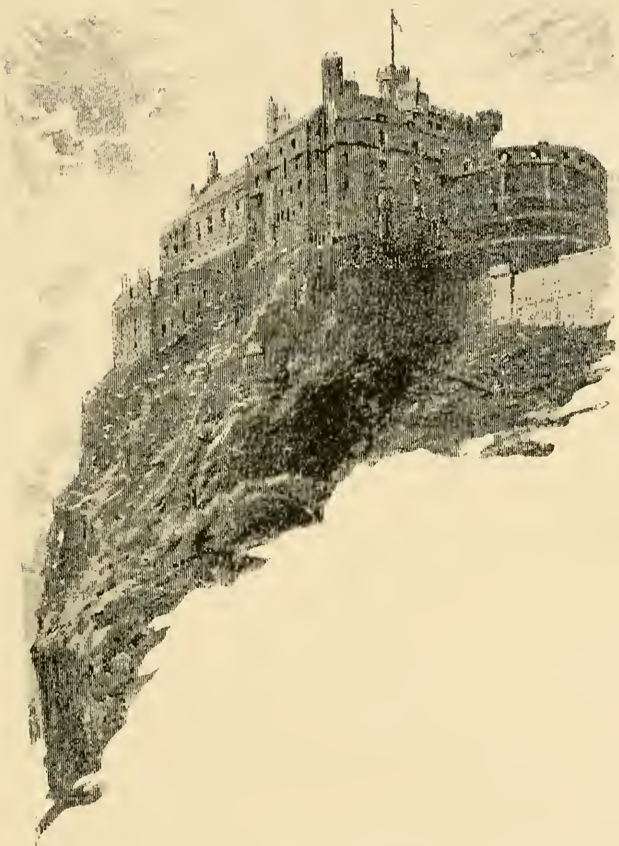
armis, that I forced in some compliment on the love for Burns that Scotland shows. I think that I alluded to the power that his poems had in rousing to utterance the genius of Whittier. The theme was changed, and the poems of the Scotch bard were followed by a recital of tributes, rhymed and prose, by the great and the obscure. I felt the wheels going round in my head; my ears ached; I thought of the water torture, whereby the constant falling of successive drops upon the head of the victim drives him to madness. I smiled at the grotesqueness of my possible epitaph, " Died of Burns on the tympanum." I never before was so glad to reach a station as on that day to come to Edinbuigh, but some fiend prompted the man to the generosity of carrying one of my bags to the hotel, and incidentally repeating a few lines from Burns.

" Didn't he bore you a little ? " said my brother, who had been able to escape from the flood by moving to the most distant corner of the compartment.

It happened that our visit to Edinburgh fell at a time when the great and general convocation of Presbyterian ministers is held there to settle all the fine questions that arise within the church, to discipline and define the standing of those whose odor of sanctity has not quite the Presbyterian savor, and to draw taut the lines which shall hold them in their expoundings during the year to come. The hotels were full of the participants in this parliament of the

church. They engaged all the public writing and reading rooms, and stretched their white-cravetted ecclesiastical persons at full length on the sofas in the public parlors. I am going to say a very little about them, and I am going to forget a great deal, —but because they monopolized everything on this particular part of the face of the earth, because the odor of their tobacco was as pestilential as it was thick and ubiquitous, because I liked not the spirits that warmed and comforted them until the late hours of the night, because—well, for many becauses, at the end of a week my soul grew weary of such saintly men, and I loved them not.

It is Stevenson in his *Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh* who says that on a Sabbath morning "all manner of loud bells join or rather disjoin in one swelling brutal babblement of noise. . . . Indeed there are not many uproars in this world more dismal than that of the Sabbath bells in Edinburgh: a hard ecclesiastical tocsin; the outgrowth of incongruous orthodoxies, calling on every separate conventicler to put up a protest, each in his own synagogue, against 'right-hand extremes and left-hand defections.'" It was to these "sweet bells jangling" that we crossed the riverless valley that separates the new town from the old, and climbed the steps to the Castle hill. From the parade ground we looked up at the grim old walls that have seen so much and such exciting history, and whose annals, with those of the two fortresses that have been destroyed before its building, are the history of Scotland itself.



THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH Page 72

The Esplanade has witnessed many a death of violence, — Lady Glammis, the beauty of the land, burned in 1537, the heretics strangled and burned in 1538, while James himself looked grimly on, treason and witchcraft and murder being here purged from the land by fire, the strangler's knot, and the headman's ax. Here was born to Mary, James Sixth of Scotland and First of England, and when the messenger bore the news to the English queen, the festivities in progress were stayed, and she sank down crying,, "My cousin of Scotland is the mother of a fair son, and I am but a barren stock."

Here the regalia of Scotland, which had been delivered to the Earl of Glasgow in 1707, rested undiscovered until 1818, when they were found hidden beneath some linen in an old chest — the safe place in which they were placed one hundred and eleven years before.

As we gazed over the ramparts on that fair Sabbath morning, seeing even to the German Ocean on the east and to Sterling on the west, the Grampian hills barring the view on the north and the Pentlands on the south, — the sound of drum and pipe came, sounding near and nearer, and then the array of soldiers returning from early service at St. Giles.

For the later service I went to this old church, and, being early, saw well the Norman pillars which date back to the eleventh century, and had abundant time to moralize beneath the flags and shreds of flags which hang above the main aisle,—consecrated here before they were carried in the desperate con-

flicts that replaced the beauty of their folds by the glory of their service.

At the end of the church there was a window that seemed to glorify all the place. All else was dark and somber, but there the light shone in, strained, transformed, and painting an entrancing picture. The lower part of the window was the Passion of our Lord, the upper part, his Ascension. Above, angels enraptured turned their faces, all enkindled by the divine light from the Holy One, unto us who sat in shadow.

Meanwhile the church was becoming filled, the organ was sounding with deep impressiveness, but there was a general air of expectation that aroused my wonder. There was an impressive pause, a turning of heads, and up the main aisle came the Town Council in all the glory of scarlet robes and all the dignity of the emblems of authority. The Lords of the Synod followed, while through the side aisle the Faculty of the University, in their academic robes, advanced. A hush, a deeper, fuller strain of music, and all rose and remained standing while the Lord High Commissioner, the representative of the Queen at this church parliament, came in. Then the gathering of the worshipers having culminated, the service went simply and soberly on.

It was in this old church that Jenny Geddes's stool dealt a blow to ritualism that brought it to death almost as soon as it came into life.

Jenny kept a vegetable stall in High Street, but was a constant and watchful attendant at St. Giles,

with the spirit of revolt against form and ritualism glowing hot in her breast. So when on a July sabbath in 1637, Dean Hanna began to read the collect, Jenny flung the folding stool on which she had been seated full at his head, and with better markmanship than is characteristic of her sex. "Out, thou false thief!" she shouted, "dost thou say mass at my lug [ear]!"

The presence of the Lord High Commissioner reminds us that while he is in attendance at the synod, Holyrood is his palace, and open only to his guests. "For fifty weeks together"—to quote Stevenson—"it is no more than a show for tourists and a museum of old furniture; but on the fifty-first behold the palace reawakened and mimicking its past. The Lord High Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers; a coach and six and clattering escort come and go before the gates; at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neighbors, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music."

There is a tradition that once an underground way connected the Castle with St. Giles, and went thence to the Palace of Holyrood; and that a piper volunteered to explore it, playing a strathspey on his way. To the music of this slow reel with its sudden jerks, a group of youths and maidens danced above his head. But when this piper-mole had burrowed his way to St. Giles, there came in his music a more curious stop than was ever written—and no one thereafter found either the passage or the piper.

As for Holyrood, it being closed to me because the Lord High Commissioner was in residence, I saw not the king's crown "for a sixpence," nor the rooms within, so tragic with the memories of Mary, and I did not stand "for a sixpence" where within its walls feasting and dancing and murder have made scenes in the drama of royal life. I cannot hold the scales of history, nor measure accurately how much of charity or condemnation should be thrown around or upon that troubled life that began when Queen Mary returned from France in 1561. For on that first night in the land of her realm, she had said her prayers as a Catholic and retired to rest; "and there came under her window a crew of five or six hundred scoundrels from the city, who gave her a serenade with wretched violins and little rebecks, and began to sing psalms so miserably mistimed and mistuned that nothing could be worse."

"God save that sweet face!" cried an old woman as she first went to Parliament, but the blessing availed her little. Beautiful, witty, accomplished—for she read Livy and other histories with George Buchanan, thundered at by John Knox in St. Giles, "My subjects must obey you and not me," she exclaimed to him in anger and sadness,—a creature and a victim of strong passions, an intriguante and beset with intrigue, for her the sea of life was in its most tempestuous mood, and its violence subsided only when, with the crucifix at her lips, she went beneath the headsman's ax, beyond its domain. *Sic itur ad Judicem!*

HOLYROOD PALACE

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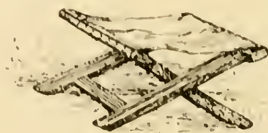
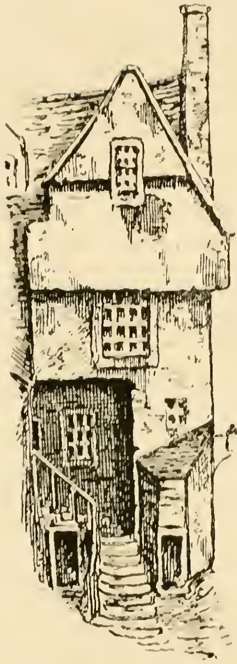
Out from the vast number of legends and tales that have sprung up so thickly in this Edinburgh, —Edwin's Burgh, Dun Monaidh, the City of the Moor, they called it anciently, L'Islebnrg the French named it in Queen Mary's time, when the lakes and marshes surrounded the great ridge of the Castle and the old city,—there is one domestic story that I wish to record. It has been borrowed, set in the scenery and atmosphere of New England, made a tale to illustrate the grimness and sternness of the old New England character, but the soil wherein it was born is Scotch.

This is the story: In a single room in an old house in Edinburgh, situated on one of her many quaint *closes*, lived two maiden sisters. Pious and stern, they trod the narrow path of their daily service, drank their tea and ate their bread, one at either end of the deal table, and at night lay down to rest each in her own bed on her own side of the room. But the apple of discord came in either by the door or the window. There was a difference of judgment on some minor article of faith, a difference that grew so mighty that it cleft the household. Narrowness of means prevented each from moving. They had but one table, one fireplace, one doorway. But they drew a line that bisected the fireplace and the doorway, and fell across the table. On the right was Margaret's domain, and on the left was Nancy's. And so they lived, trespassing neither in act or speech upon one another. Each read her Bible in full sight of the

other and knelt in prayer not a dozen feet from her with whom she was not at peace. Each sat on her own side of the table and at her own corner of the fireplace with closed lips and unrelaxing sternness of gaze. So feebleness and age came upon them, and death drew near, and only when his chill was creeping over them,— for death was impartial and gave neither an hour's advantage of time,— did the hand of one—was it Margaret's or Nancy's? reach feebly out and clasp the outstretching hand of the other,—a last sisterly clasp across the dividing line.





AN OLD CLOSE IN EDINBURGH Page 78

IV.

ROSLIN AND HAWTHORNDEN: MELROSE: THE ENGLISH LAKE REGION.

> Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep;—
> —Gone is the bower, the grot a ruined heap,
> Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

SEVEN miles from Edinburgh, in the parish of Lasswade and where four roads of the homely little village meet, is the pedestal of an old market-cross—the sign of the right to have weekly markets on Saturdays and a fair on each October 28th, as granted by James II. in 1456. Following one of these four roads on a fickle May day, we came to as beautiful a valley as graces Scotland, that through which the North Esk flows,—the scene in olden time of the regal splendor of the "Princely St. Clairs,"—now notable for the exquisite Chapel built by the most princely of this family, that magnificent Earl of Rosslyn "whose titles would weary a Spaniard," and who maintained an almost regal establishment where are now but the ruins of Rosslyn Castle. If one wishes to moralize over these ruins, he may find sufficient text in the contrast between the fortunes of the present Earl who has sought to earn a livelihood by dancing on the public stage, and the magnificence of the builder of the Chapel, whose carver and cup-bearer were noblemen, whose Princess—

"and none matched her in all the country save the Queen's majesty"—was attended by seventy-five daughters of noblemen and two hundred gentlemen, and before whom as she passed to the Earl's residence in Blackfriar's Wynd, in Edinburgh, eighty flaming torches were borne.

Rosslyn Chapel has been described as "an unfinished thought in stone." "It is the head of a cathedral, to which the body never grew," said our guide, and I could but think of one of those singing heads of angels in which the masters of sacred art have delighted, so full of life and light and beauty and love that one feels that it is complete. The one great thought of him who conceived it—that it should be a Bible in stone teaching to an unlettered age the lessons of the Scriptures and of morality—is framed by a thousand thoughts, grave, spiritual, grotesque, wrought out in pillars and arches and corbels; in scriptural and allegorical figures, in gargoyles and dragons, in flowers and foliage—the rose, the sunflower, ferns, kail, trefoil, oak leaves,—and in all the varied carving; for each man was permitted to try his skill and work out his own conceptions in "cunnynge device and quaint imagerie."

Begun in 1446, and wrought upon until 1484, the Chapel—the Choir of what was intended to be a great Collegiate Church—was hardly completed when the great Earl died; and the means of the family were probably too much diminished for his successors to complete the building. The Reforma-

ROSSLYN CHAPEL

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tion condemned it as "ane house and monument of idolatrie, and not ane place apointit for teiching the word and ministratioun of ye sacramentis," and the Laird was forced in 1592 to demolish its altars. In 1650 Cromwell's troupers under General Monk—they being engaged in battering down the Castle—made the Chapel a stable for their horses. It was restored in 1861, and opened for service in the year following.

In the poem that first marked his power, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Scott has introduced a legend of the Chapel,—for whenever any evil is to come to the "lordly line of high St. Clair," the Chapel is all ablaze with a wondrous light that shines even to the Castle. In the ballad that Harold sings, Rosabelle, the daughter of the house of Rosslyn, is urged to stay in Castle Ravensheuch, and not tempt the stormy firth by returning to her father's castle. She heeds not the pleading because

> "——my ladye-mother there
> Sits lonely in her castle hall,"

and because

> "——my sire the wine will chide
> If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."
>
> "O'er Roslin all that dreary night
> A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam:
> 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
> And redder than the bright moonbeam.
>
> It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
> It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;

6

'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

"Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,—
Each baron for a sable shroud
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

"Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar, foliage bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

"Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze when fate is nigh—
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

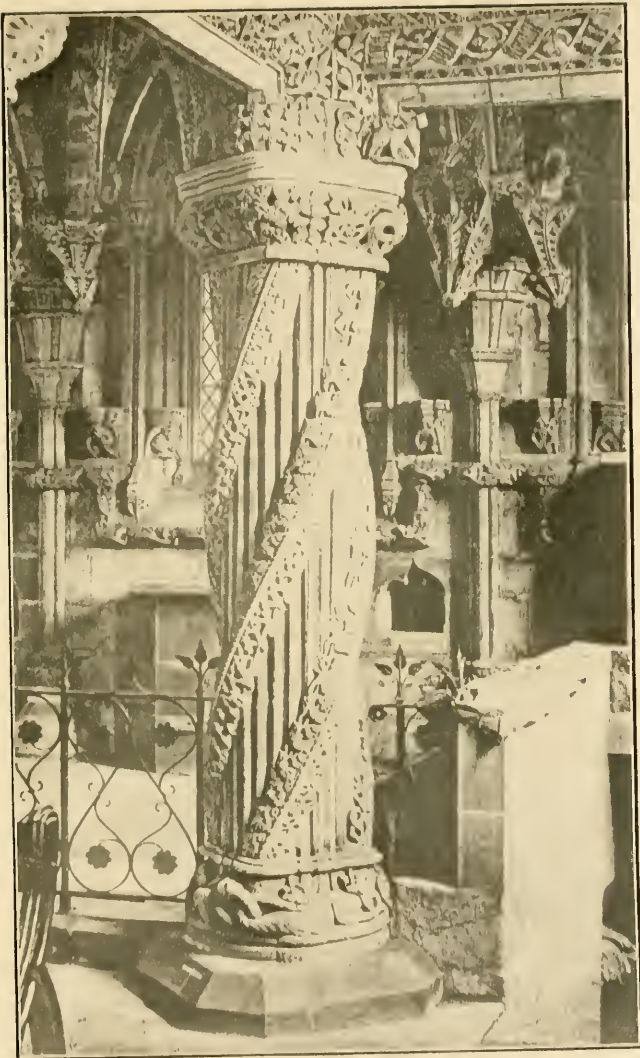
"There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle,
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

"And each St. Clair was buried there
With candle and book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

When Dorothy Wordsworth visited the Chapel in 1803, she was much impressed by the exquisite foliage sculpture, "so delicately wrought that I could admire it for hours, and the whole of the ground-work stained by time with the softest colors."

While she lingered within the walls, a storm came up, and her brother, her companion, wrote the sonnet beginning

"The wind is now thy organist."



THE 'PRENTICE'S PILLAR, ROSSLYN CHAPEL

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After the eyes have wandered from one design of beauty to another, they come back to what doubtless they first sought,—the "Prentice Pillar,"—so exquisite in its design, so pathetic in its story. Such legends, they say, are told of other pillars in other churches and in far-off lands. Well, they may be true there, also, for jealousy and insensate rage have often wrought identical tragedies. From a base whereon are wrought eight dragons intertwined, rises a column about whose graceful form four winding wreaths of flowers are bound, each springing from a dragon's mouth. These spiral wreaths terminate at the capitol, and on the side of this is a representation of Isaac bound on the altar, and a ram caught in the thicket by his horns,—the Old Testament story that typifies the sacrifice of Christ on the cross.

While the chapel was in construction, the founder sent to the master-workman a model of a pillar so beautiful in design, so delicate in its ornamentation, that he dared not attempt to shape it until he had seen the original in the Italian city in which the model had been drawn. So he left the model in the charge of his apprentice and journeyed to Italy, and there he stayed for months, studying the pillar. But he was discouraged, for it did not seem possible to him that another column of equal beauty could be wrought. When he had returned home, his apprentice called to him, "Come, see the work that I have wrought." And he showed him a pillar wrought after the fashion of the model, but of a

beauty even greater than that of the one the master had studied. And his face was aglow with pride and his eyes bright with expectation of the praise that his master would give him. But the master-workman was so maddened by jealous rage that he seized the mallet and felled the apprentice dead.

Upon the west wall of the Choir may be seen the head of the marvelous apprentice, wrought in stone, a deep scar above the eye showing where the blow fell; near by is the mournful face of his mother, for he was her only son and she a widow; and opposite, the face of the master-workman; for such memorials did their fellow-workmen carve. A pillar is also shown as that of the master workman. But in the course of years the tooth of time has destroyed the lineaments of the master-workman and bitten into the pillar called his, while the head of the apprentice and the "Prentice Pillar" have been spared from injury.

By a short path along the banks of the Esk, we came to a bridge across a ravine beyond which lay the ruins of Rosslyn Castle, pillaged in 1688 by a mob who were anxious to destroy the Catholic books and images and vestments that it might contain, and battered down by General Monk two years later. Our ringing at the bell did not arouse the fair lady or the knight who sleep by enchantment in the vaults beneath, but it brought a tall, shambling youth from the garden to act as our guide. He rehearsed in a very pleasant way the

RUINS OF ROSSLYN CASTLE

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history of the castle and the fortunes of the family, showed us the rooms, the passages, and the cavernous, mighty-walled basements beneath, and told us of the dungeon of "Little Ease," now closed, adown the mouth of which prisoners were let by a rope, and in which they lived—or died very speedily — without light from any source, — literally "jugged." Somewhere in these vaults sleeps a lady of the house of St. Clair, the guardian of a treasure of millions, and when some day a knight shall come and blow upon an enchanted horn—hidden, also, in one of these chambers—the lady will awake, unbar the treasure-room, and the St. Clairs shall be once more of magnificent estate.

From the garden where our guide was left to resume his work, I pointed my camera at the walls of Rosslyn, and then walked under the arch of the drawbridge and along the Esk a little distance to the point where General Monk had pointed his guns at the same object. But scarcely had we passed this point when we forgot the romance and ruin of the castle in the beauty of the valley through which our path led. Between banks, wild and steep, clothed with forest trees in all the fresh verdure of spring, with blooming flowers carpeting the hills and open spaces, we walked, the path demanding so much care as took away all sense of tameness, now rugged and narrow, now cut from the solid rock, now rising far above the stream and again descending steeply to it, and ever the music of the wind in the trees and of the purling water in its course. Along

this way we came to a fence that separated Rosslyn Glen from Hawthornden. There a toll permitted us to cross a rude bridge beyond which the path at first kept the river bank and then ascended, skirting the edge of a high and steep precipice. Thence we saw the most enchanting views of the little river, and that rare prospect which the poet Moir describes:—

> " ——fixed in clefts,
> Where gleams at intervals a patch of sward,
> The hazel throws his silvery branches down,
> Fringing with grace the dark-brown battlements.
> Look up, and lo! o'er all, a castled cliff—
> Its roof is lichened o'er, purple and green,
> And blends its gray walls with coeval trees.
>
> *There Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;*
> *The mazy stream beneath is Rosslyn's Esk—*
> *And what thou lookest on is Hawthornden!*"

Out of the perpendicular cliff on which the gray walls are founded, in some remote age a series of caves was cut,—by whom no one knows. These are entered from the courtyard of the castle by the "King's Gallery," a passage seventy-five feet long and scarcely the height of a tall man. From this is a side passage leading to a deep well, the water in which is twenty-four feet below the floor level of the caves and forty-eight below that of the courtyard. The "King's Gallery" widens at the farther end, and leads by a small entrance to the cave called "Bruce's Bedroom," and by another and longer passage to "Bruce's Library." The end of the "Gallery" is open, looking down the steep sides

HAWTHORNDEN

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of the cliff. The sides of the "Library" are cut into a large number of pigeon-holes, possibly for books —it was this conjecture that gave the room the designation of "Library,"—possibly to hold the ashes of the dead, and most probably—for both of these conjectures seem unreasonable—for some unguessed use. Who cut these caves no one dares to say, nor is there any authentic information concerning their use, but doubtless they were places of refuge and concealment in the times when no man's life was safe against his neighbor, and men, like beasts of dread, were alternately the hunters and the hunted.

The attendant showed us the relics kept in the mansion,—a silk dress and shoes once worn by Queen Mary, the tartan coat of Bonnie Prince Charlie, some old tables, and furniture—the gifts of royalty to the heads of the house,—and the collection of interesting portraits. Our warmest interest, however, was in the classic shades of the great sycamore, in the grounds, called the *Four Sisters* or the *Company Tree.* For under this tree the poet Drummond sat and was visited by the Muses. And on one day as he sat here, there came to him another favored of the Muses, also,—"rare Ben Jonson," travel-stained by his long pedestrian tour from London.

"Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!"

Cried Drummond, to which Jonson replied by completing the rhyme.

"Thank ye, thank ye, Hawthornden!"

After a winter spent in Edinburgh, Jonson re-

turned to Hawthornden and spent three weeks in the month of April, 1619, in most intimate confidence with his brother poet. To Drummond beneath this very tree, or in the shades of the woods below the castle, Jonson spoke with the utmost freedom of the authors of the time, Shakespeare—dead two years before—Sidney, Spenser, Drayton, and a host of others, and these frank criticisms his host and friend wrote in a note-book and published with most severe comments on the personality of his guest, in a volume called *Heads of Certain Conversations.* "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones:" therefore Drummond's *Heads of Certain Conversations* have lived to vex the memory of Jonson, while his stilted and artificial *Tears on the Death of Meliades* lies forgotten in the dust.

The fickle day that had shone on and shaded our way through scenes of such romance and ruin and charm of wood and cliff and stream, let loose at last a pattering shower, and we walked down the long avenue that leads from Hawthornden to the music of the rain among the trees. When we reached the highway the blue sky stole forth from the clouds, and the sun bathed in soft glory the close of the long, interesting day.

When the *golden way* led us to Melrose we happily selected as our hotel "The Abbey,"—close to the ruins of the famous Abbey of St. Mary of Melrose, and, indeed, forming the western boundary of

its churchyard. The inn itself was charming and quaint, full of rich pictures, rare curios, and gleanings from many lands, and arranged with a delightful coffee-room where we were furnished a delicious lunch with furnishings of spotless napery, old silver, and beautiful china. Then when we were given our choice of bedrooms, and I had found one looking straight into the nave of the Abbey and to the east oriel, my cup of content was full. For a week we had lived in daily companionship with the monument to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, in designing which the artist had fittingly taken all the details from Melrose Abbey, and now for a day and a night —and the moon was to be at its full—we were to be closest neighbors to this beautiful ruin.

The grass was green upon the top of its walls, and the little light-hearted birds were resting and nesting there. In the churchyard an old man was cutting the grass, and as he bent over with his scythe in his hand, gray-bearded, he seemed the representation of Father Time who had garnered many a harvest there. Within this yard there are many interesting monuments. On one I found the beautiful inscription,—

> "The earth goes on the earth
> Glistering like gold;
> The earth goes to the earth
> Sooner than it wold;
> The earth builds on the earth
> Castles and towers;
> The earth says to the earth,
> 'All shall be ours.'"

On the tomb of Sir David Brewster, the scholar whose studies were mainly on the subject of light, is the sentient inscription, "The Lord is my light." Within the ruins rests the heart of King Robert Bruce,—that heart which beat with love for this edifice, and which, pulsing no more, was by his request sent to Palestine. His friends, however, brought it back before it had reached the intended city.

There is an old Latin couplet that characterizes the localities chosen by the religious bodies:

Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus,
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes.

So the Cistercians, whose great Saint was Bernard, chose the gentle valley of Melrose, close to the waters of the Tweed, wherein to build an Abbey. This same order was the builder of Fountains, Furness, Tintern, and other abbeys in England, the glory and magnificence of which their ruins still attest. These monks were tillers of the ground rather than spiritual guides. They lived in seclusion, the gardens blossoming and growing fruitful under their care, and the cloisters shielding them in their exercises and recreation. Where once they tilled I found the sweet wall-flower blooming, and from the little mistress of the garden I obtained some seed to grow and bloom in a country that these monks of old knew not of.

The Abbey was founded in 1136 by David I. King of Scotland, for this gentle order, but, although

John Morow, the master-workman, prayed—as his tablet in the south transept declares—

> " ——— to God and Mari baith
> And sweet Sancte John to keep
> this holy kirk fra skaith,"

Richard II, in 1385, and Henry VIII, in 1545, each wrecked it, and after this last scathe-fire it was rebuilt no more. In 1649 the Covenanters destroyed the images which filled the richly carved niches of its walls. Then it was used as a quarry for stones, just as the magnificent ruined Abbey of Glastonbury, in England, was,—and its exquisitely wrought stones went for the building of houses and mills and bridges, in whose walls their incongruous beauty is still seen. The ruins were little known, little cared for, and little visited, until Scott, in 1805, gave them fame by his descriptions in *The Last Minstrel*. Since the story of Deloraine's quest was told, more thousands than we dare to name have visited Melrose to gaze on this noble ruin,—the poet's pictures turning to visions real in roof and pillar and oriel.

THE CLOISTERS.

> Now, slow and faint, he led the way
> Where, cloistered round, the garden lay;
> The pillared arches were over their head,
> And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.
> Spreading herbs and flowrets bright
> Glistened with the dew of night;
> Nor herb nor flowret glistened there,
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.

THE CHANCEL.

By a steel-clenched postern door
  They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
  On pillars lofty and light and small;
The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished round,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

THE EAST ORIEL.

The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone
  By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
  In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

Despite our well-laid scheme to see fair Melrose by the pale moonlight, a rain set in just at evening, and the sky was clouded all the night. If matters had been arranged for just such nights as they were in "little, honest Johnny Bower's" time, the loss would have had its compensations, for that guide of earlier years had learned a lesson from Quince, and used to replace the moon by a great candle on a long pole. "It does na' light up the abbey all at aince," he would explain, "but then you can shift it aboot, and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon herself only shines on one side."

RUINS OF MELROSE ABBEY

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To "little, honest Johnny Bower" every part and line of Scott's poems and romances were but the unvarnished truth. From Scott's description he located the exact place of the grave of the wizard, Michael Scott. He knew everything and a great deal more about the ruins, but he always deferred to Scott when the romancist brought visitors to the Abbey. "What needs I say any mair about it?" he would ask. "There's the Captain kens mair anent it than I do, or any man in the town."

We took a sunset walk, following a narrow path that began along the south wall of the churchyard, and led through fields and by wooded banks and near a rippling stream, and unexpectedly came out into a village of a single street, narrow, twisted, and bordered by old cottages with the marks of Time's ravages on them—Newstead, marking the site of an old Roman colony. In its vicinity numerous Roman remains have been found, coins and vases, an underground sacellum and altars. Here, too, so we were told, the workmen who built the great Abbey lived, but later the village of Melrose grew up nearer the abode of the Cistercians.

Out from Melrose and three miles away our willing feet carried us to Abbotsford, the air full of the sweetness of May, our cheeks moistened with some drifting Scotch mist, our expectant hearts triumphant over any sense of fatigue or discomfort. I had expected to approach this home of Scott, seeing it afar off and gradually gaining a sense of nearness

to it, but I found it secluded from such an advent. A guide in the road directed us to a gate on the right, which admitted us to a well-guarded path, the end of which was a postern gate admitting us to the basement. Here in a room where various pictorial mementoes are exposed for sale, the guide met us, took our shillings and gave us in exchange a card—which we dropped in a locked box,—and then showed us mechanically, unsympathetically, and rapidly through the various rooms open to the public. We were shown through Rosslyn Chapel by a guide who knew and loved every stone of it, to whom our delight in arch or carving was a great pleasure, and who took as a personal compliment any desire to linger in admiration at any spot within those glorious walls. In other places open for a fee you are rarely made to feel the financial obligation. The shilling slips quietly and unobtrusively into a velvet palm. But here it was obtrusive; you could hear it jingle into the coffers of the laird in residence, and the sound jarred upon the associations of the place.

Out of the confusion of so hasty a walk, "for a shilling," through the treasures of Abbotsford, some few remembered things are very vivid. Hawthorne speaks of the old room in which he wrought his earlier work as a "haunted chamber; for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it, and some few have become visible to the world." And about the desk and "his own huge elbow chair," of the great Scotch romancist and poet, what

shadowy forms have crowded! What scenes the wondrous eye of his brain saw there enacted, when confines of wall and time were swept away, and he beheld all the scenes and actions of the Waverley romances, while their characters thronged him! On this massive table, this richly carved and crimson-lined old box, for more than twenty years his pen transmitted to immortality the romances which the subtle alchemy of his brain wrought from the history, the legends, and the poesy, with which his mind was stored. And when on the evening of his burial—September 26, 1832—they looked there for his testament, they found "a little series of objects" which had obviously been so placed that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilet when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room, the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee, a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her, his father's snuff-box and etui case,—and more things of the same sort, recalling

"The old familiar faces."

For the clothes of Sir Walter—the dark-green broadcloth coat, the fawn-colored beaver hat—I cared little. It has always seemed to me vulgar—other men, other tastes—to exhibit the wearing apparel of the dead, and I would rather picture

Scott as Irving saw him than in these garments. "His dress was simple and almost rustic," said Irving. "An old green shooting-jacket, with a dog-whistle at the buttonhole, brown linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankle, and a white hat that had evidently seen some service;" although at dinner, Irving adds, "he laid aside his half-rustic garb and appeared soberly clad in black."

The dining-room was his last chamber, arranged that he might enjoy the views from the window and the sounds that floated in. It was to this room that he called his son-in-law, Lockhart, and bade him "Be a good man—be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here,"—words that recall what he said, years before, about the education of his sons: "I am not over-bent upon making prodigies of my boys. I have taught them to ride and *to speak the truth*." Here, surrounded by his children, with the September breezes blowing in at the window, and the sound that he loved—the gentle ripple of the river Tweed—falling soothingly upon his ear, he passed through slumber to death.

The house is bewilderingly rich in articles which would ruin with jealousy the soul of an antiquary,—the sword of Montrose, the gun of Rob Roy—Sir Walter thought that a dialogue between these articles would be effective,—the pistols of Napoleon and his pen-case and blotting-book, the seal of Queen Mary, and that silver cross which was her comfort and stay on her way to the headsman's block,

Prince Charlie's quaigh,—pathetic memento! and a thousand other things.

When we returned to the entrance, a little lad in Scotch kilt was playing and babbling there, the youngest son of the gifted Lady Maxwell-Scott, the chatelaine of the house, herself the granddaughter of Lockhart and Sophia Scott, and the great granddaughter of the romancist. It was the sunny face of this youngest of the house of Scott that smiled into ours as we turned away from the door, his gentle hand that was outstretched to ours in parting.

There was an abundance of time on the walk back, to recall the history of the house whose every stone was dear to the heart of Scott, and whose completion in 1825 was contemporaneous with the disaster to his fortunes. To the building which he had reared with so much pride and joy, his last years add a new glory, because he made it the monument of an integrity that was flawless, the memorial of a victory that sapped his life but left it crowned with glory. The battle waged, the victory gained, the house—"an air castle," so he called it, "turned to solid stone and mortar"—saved for the generations that were to come after him, in serenity he could say,

> "Won is the glory, and the grief is past."

Through the Border Land, past Netherby Hall and Canobie,—the scenes of the romantic adventure of young Lochinvar,—we passed out from Scotland into England. In the first village beyond the border we saw coming down the country road a gay pro-

cession of children, with banners flying, bareheaded and clad for the warmth of a summer day. In a field near by a tent had been erected and preparations made for an out-of-doors picnic. The sky seemed as bright as the faces of the children, and the sunshine, as light as their hearts, lay upon the freshest of foliage and verdure. But suddenly upon all this joy and gaiety there swept a cloud, the heavens opened, the floods descended, ranks were broken in a universal scurrying for places of shelter —and the train swept on leaving the sequel to our imaginations. Along the way great masses of yellow columbine made sunshine on the banks, and along the lighter green of the fields and hillsides stretched dark green hedges like dividing threads. The train was full of Whitsun-week excursionists, and when we stopped at Keswick, they went laughing and jovial adown the street to a beautiful park that was to be the scene of their games and further merriment. Skiddaw was veiled, but now and again the clouds would float down from his sides to shower their moisture upon the pleasure-seekers, and then the mountain would look forth, bright and smiling, upon the mischief of the shower. This little town where Southey lived forty years, the place of the Falls of Ladore to which his verses have given undeserved fame, the parish of Crosthwaite Church in whose yard he lies buried, abounds in beautiful views of mountains and lakes above and beyond, and in crooked streets and sudden turns and steep descents below and near at hand.

DERWENTWATER

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The Falls of Ladore were familiar to me from my earliest school days when the jingling verses describing them were a daily exercise in the pronunciation of *ing*. I had seen pictures of them, too, exulting and leaping, but the story of witty Dean Hole had swept away all delusions born of the poem. In their beautiful setting of tall and wooded crags, they reminded me of some of the water courses in the White Mountains which the local people call *dry brooks*—brooks that are beautiful, rushing, rippling cascades of water after the rains have fallen on the mountain sides, but at other times but ragged beds of stone, with the faintest rivulets trickling in them.

Greta Hall, where Southey went to live with Coleridge after the death of his first-born, stands on a little hill above the river that gives it its name and sends its murmuring music across the orchard and the garden. In front lies that "giant's camp—an encamped army of tent-like mountains," as Coleridge describes it, "which by an inverted arch gives a view of another vale." Skiddaw lies behind it, the vale and lake of Bassenthwaite on the right, and Derwentwater—the loveliest of all the English lakes—full in view on the left.

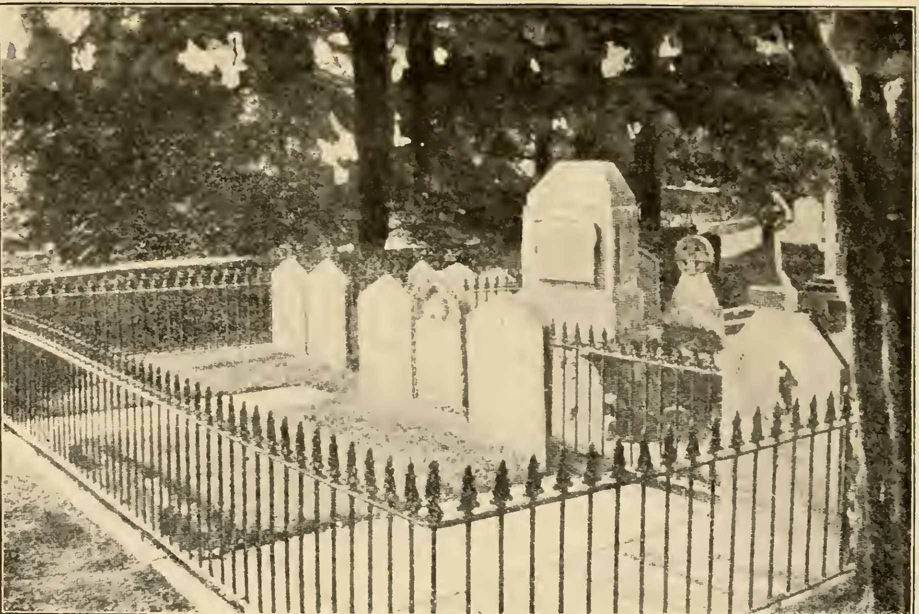
The rambling tenement—"two houses under one roof"— with its study, which was also the drawing-room, its passages lined with books, the dark apple-room where a *bogle* lived, is peopled to-day with incorporeal forms; Southey, as solitary as Hawthorne, but full of a sweet and sunny temper in his own home circle, Mrs. Southey, bearing the family

L. of C.

cares, the Coleridges, and, quaintest of all creatures, Hartley,—"The pity is," says he, "I'm always thinking of my thoughts,"—and the guests who came and went, still dwell within these homely walls, and walk the familiar ways; —and though the nightingale and the violet—"the most delightful bird and the sweetest flower,"— so missed by Southey, flourish not in these more northern vales, there are songs that compensate and odors fragrant and subtle,—the memories of those who have made a simple cottage a shrine, and given to the beauties of nature "the consecration and the Poet's dream."

It is told that when death had come to the saddened Southey, whose mind had become a child's mind, and in the churchyard of Crossthwaite Church his ashes were returned to ashes, at the words "dust to dust, the sure and certain hope of the Resurrection," the wind became hushed, the rain ceased, the gloomy clouds parted, and from the rift a glory of sunshine lay upon the grave, while a chorus of birds broke the silence with a gladsome song.

Although Skiddaw still threatened showers when we started on the fifteen-mile coach ride to Grasmere, it was but a frown that changed to a smile. The weather became beautiful and added an autumn charm of clearness to the most delightful ride in this most romantic country. The road is through the heart of a valley, not level, but crossing ridges and descending between protecting cliffs and banks. A mile from Keswick we cross Castle Rigg, and,



WHERE WORDSWORTH SLEEPS

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three miles farther, the Castle Rock of St. John rises on the left,

> "With battled walls and buttress fast,
> And barbicon and ballium vast,
> And airy flanking towers, that cast
> Their shadow on the stream."

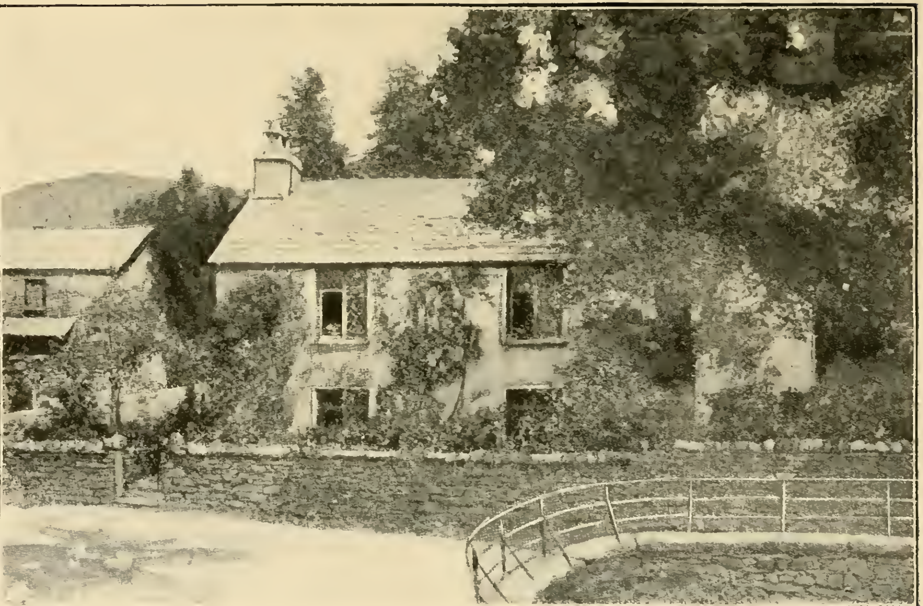
Soon the mighty Helvellyn appears, and the road along its base skirts lake Thirlmere. Beyond we pass a cairn of stones, said to mark the grave of Dunmail, the last king of Cambria, and then we descend the long slope of Dunmail Raise Pass and come to Grasmere. Here the charm of lake and mountain are subordinated to that of association, for here lived Wordsworth during the earlier years of manhood, and here he rests.

The little inclosure in the southeast corner of this "God's Acre among the mountains" holds precious dust, for the simple inscription, "William Wordsworth, 1850," marks the grave of him whom many think the greatest of the laurel-crowned English poets, and the stone marked, "Dorothy Wordsworth, 1855," rests lightly above the most devoted of sisters. Here, too, among others of that household, lies the dear wife who inspired the poet's tributes, "She was a phantom of delight," "Yes, thou art fair," "Let other bards of angels sing," and "Lines written after Thirty-Six Years of Wedded Life,"—that wedded life whose

> "Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
> And the old day was welcome as the young,
> As welcome, and as beautiful,—in sooth
> More beautiful, as being a thing more holy."

Very near is Dove Cottage,—once an inn called "The Dove and Olive Bough,"—where Wordsworth and his sister set up their household goods and gods in 1800. By the generous efforts of Professor Knight of St. Andrews, the cottage, with numerous portraits, letters, and manuscripts, has been presented to the British Nation, and will, therefore, remain in much the same form as when Wordsworth occupied it. The parlor below, which was sometimes sitting-room, sometimes lodging-room and sometimes kitchen, the scene of much high thinking and plain living, looks as it did when De Quincey described it in 1807:—"An oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad, very prettily wainscoted with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was—a perfect and unpretending cottage window with little diamond panes—embowered at almost every season of the year with a profusion of jasmine and other shrubs."

Dorothy Wordsworth often laughed when thinking of the young Scotch lawyer who came to breakfast there one morning. Busy with other cares, she put the toasting-fork into his hands that he might brown the bread over the fire. The smell of burning bread recalled her to this room, where she found the guest absorbed in a book that he had drawn from the shelves near by, but still holding the cinders of the bread over the consuming flames. Back of the stone cottage is the plot of orchard ground with the spring whose stones were laid by the poet.



DOVE COTTAGE

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Here are the steps leading to a terraced walk and a space of mountain ground hedged in by fir-trees, and, farther back, heights climbing heights to Helm Crag. The primrose and the daisy still bloom in their accustomed places, and I heard the call of the cuckoo, just as Dorothy Wordsworth had so many years ago. After the Wordsworths had gone three miles away to Rydal Mount, De Quincey came here and dreamed the dreams of the *Opium Eater*. Here, in those days of simple tastes, Southey was a guest, and Coleridge, and Humphrey Davy; and Walter Scott and his wife slept in one of the dove-cote chambers.

From Grasmere the road passes Nab Cottage, the home for many years of Hartley Coleridge, and soon after the high stone seat, overlooking the lake, where Wordsworth loved to sit in pensiveness. At Rydal is Rydal Mount, the home of the poet for thirty-three years—now an estate kept strictly private.

In the mile that stretches from Rydal to Ambleside we catch glimpses of fair and historical estates, Fox How, the home of Dr. Arnold and of his gifted granddaughter, Mrs. Ward, the Knoll, the home of Harriet Martineau,—and then with a whirl we come into Ambleside, a union of the old and the new, old houses and new edifices, old, crooked and interesting roads, and new straight and uninteresting streets.

Our hostelry was the Salutation Inn,—a place of entertainment for man and beast since 1656,—

delightful in its service, the agreeableness of its guests, and the old-time taste of its furnishings. The chamber assigned to me was almost large enough for a small house of parliament, and the bed in which I slept was full six feet wide, with a red canopy and curtains hung from posts that rose surely ten feet, with a flight of steps up which to mount and thence fling one's self into downy depths. What wonder that I dreamed that I was sleeping in a scarlet howdah that rested on the back of an enormous elephant!

From Ambleside a hundred paths lead each to a more entrancing goal than any other, but the *golden way* was straightly drawn to London, now, and so we walked the mile of distance between the inn and Lake Windermere in continuance of the journey. A quaint sign on the engine house at Windermere is worthy of being preserved in these days of haste:—"In case of fire please ring the bell at Mechanics' Institute"—the institute is fully half a mile away,—"and call the Captain and Surveyor."

The showers fall easily in these beautiful lake regions, and we traversed half the length of Lake Windermere with a mist of rain now hiding and now softly half-revealing the banks. Near one of the landing-places a white cross rose out of the water, marking the place where two young men were drowned. When the rain ceased and the mists of the air were gathered up into fleecy clouds, floating in the soft blue of the sky, the rippling surface of

RYDAL MOUNT

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the lake, the dripping leaves of the trees jeweled with golden light, the mountains threaded with silver water-courses, stones and crags and masses of gorse adding their color, the glory that the sky hung over and the hills encompassed seemed the soul of Nature speaking to the soul of man of Him whose handiwork it is.

V.

IN AND OUT OF LONDON.

—London, the buskined stage
Of history, the archive of the past,—
The heart, the centre of the living world!

WHEN I flung open my window in the morning, and the great roar of the city fell upon my ears, it thrilled me deeply. We were within the very courts of London—London which has felt every throb of the heart of English history and literature and life, —so immense that no man can know it, so familiar that no man comes as a stranger to it.

Every walk that we took brought back a thousand memories of what we had read; every street into which we strayed was tenanted by those whom we had met in books, or the scene of actions which the pen of the historian or novelist had written down, and in four weeks we lived through eight hundred and more years of English life. Out of crowded days I select a few hours whose record has to me a personal interest, and yet the things of which I make no note, the Tower, the Abbey, the boating on the Thames,—how long the list might be!—are omitted only because so many others have told of them so well. Little excursions took us away from London for a day or two, but we came back to it as to the old home.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE Page 106

Four out of every five Englishmen whom you meet will tell you the anecdote of the American who "hoped he shouldn't walk in his sleep, because he might step off the blamed little island,"—"You are so very big over there, don't you know," they will add,—and ninety-nine out of a hundred will ask you, "You have been to—ah—Stratford, of course?" "It is an unwritten law," I made answer, "that no American shall return from England unless he can present a certificate that he has visited the birthplace of the myriad-minded dramatist." These certificates, by the way, are presented by the custodian of the house in Henley Street. The *golden way*, therefore, led us to the banks of the Avon. However proficient the children of Belfast —or any other place—may be in the use of sacred and profane language,—"Children," said the lecturer, "that can neither speak nor walk, go about the streets, cursing their Maker,"—the tongues of the youngest children of Stratford would rival them in precocity. Toddling infants meet you on every street, offer to be your guide, counselor and friend in this Shakespeare country, and roll off the dates and events in the history of the dramatist with such volubility and exactness, that you can explain it only on the theory of heredity—an action constantly repeated by the ancestors has left in the descendants a facility that is instinctive. But without guide or cicerone it all seemed strangely familiar.

One recognizes at once the timbered cottage in

Henley Street where John Shakespeare resided when his illustrious son was born. Of this triple cottage the middle part is the Birthplace. That at the right of it was originally the elder Shakespeare's place of business, where he dealt in wool and gloves. Later it was the inn called the *Swan and Maidenhead.* It is now a museum containing rare copies of the poet's works, memorials of him, and the valuable records of the town. The yard and orchard back of the house have been made a garden where every flower mentioned in Shakespeare's works has, so far as possible, been planted.

While yet the dew lay on the flowers here, I thrust the lens of my camera through the bars of the gate and captured them all,—and every flower was laden with bloom and all the air in the delicious early morning was sweet with odors more grateful than those of Arabia,—for could I not hear poor Ophelia, who turned everything "to favor and to prettiness," saying,—

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there's pansies, that's for thoughts."

There is a beautifully carved and gabled house in High Street that was once the home of the father and mother of John Harvard. At the corner of High and Bridge Streets is the house where Judith, the youngest daughter of Shakespeare, spent the thirty and six years of her wedded life. On Church Street is the Guild Hall and Guild Chapel and the old Grammar School, still a font of learning to a

THE FLOWER GARDEN

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bright-faced and gentle-mannered set of youths who played cricket on the banks of the Avon when the lessons of the day were over. The spire that rises beside the shining Avon can be none other than that of Holy Trinity, within whose walls the poet's bones lie buried.

It is only association that makes the walk to Shottery interesting—the path is so dull and monotonous,—but the little collection of old timbered houses that makes the village of Shottery is as quaint as all England can furnish. Then when Shottery brook has been crossed, and the Anne Hathaway cottage meets your gaze, your fondest expectation of its beauty is fulfilled. The flowers of the garden crowd up to the very walk, the vines clamber to the thatched roof, and every line of the structure is a delight to the eye. It wears not the stains and scars but the gentleness of age. I think of some sweet-faced old lady, cap-crowned and gentle-hearted, enjoying amid the flowers the calm and peacefulness of ripened years.

Between Trinity Church and Clopton Bridge the Avon is most beautiful. On one side are the houses and estates of old Stratford, on the other a grazing ground for gentle cattle and happy horses. Boating parties pull back and forth on its placid waters, ambitious oarsmen spin along in delicate shells, and on the cricket grounds young England plays cricket with delightful spirit.

We sat in the park near the Memorial Theater, watching the boys of the Grammar School at their

sports across the river, and following the swans as they floated back and forth, and then we wandered up the Warwick road—one of the most beautiful in England. The day departed reluctantly as we came back to Stratford, and through the lingering twilight the cuckoo uttered ofttimes his two-noted call.

In Trinity Church there is a memorial window—the gift of Americans in recognition of what Stratford has given to all the English-speaking people, It represents America and England joining in worship of the Lord Jesus Christ. In all England we had found such kindly welcome, such friendliness, that it was a great pleasure to see this window—a pledge of amity and brotherhood—in Shakespeare's church. And there came to us the words of the old song which men sung together in Shakespeare's time:

> "Then here's a health to all kind hearts
> Wherever they may be;
> For kindly hearts make but one kin
> Of all humanity.
>
> "And here's a rouse to all kind hearts
> Wherever they be found;
> For it is the throb of kindred hearts
> Doth make the world go round."

On our way back to London we stopped for a brief hour at Oxford, and saw the windows that look on the great quadrangles all abloom with gardens of scarlet geraniums and white marguerites and blue lobelias. "Those were Gladstone's rooms," said our guide, "and only a short time before he died his

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

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thoughts turned with love to this quiet spot, and he asked for a photograph of it." As we stood in the chapel of Christ College, admiring the window designed by Burne Jones, we were told of his death that very day. The college year was drawing to its close, and the sports were absorbing the attention of the students. Across the quadrangles and along the cloistered walks we saw young Apollos and Herculeses strolling in boating costumes that revealed the sturdy frames and swelling muscles of the strength of England. In the dining hall the portraits of those who have gone forth from the college to gain fame and honor and make England great, look down upon the young men who daily assemble there,—an inspiration and incentive to those who are the hope and strength of the England of to-morrow.

From Oxford the journey was a constant revelation of English rural life and out-of-doors pleasures. There were canals along which the narrow boats were drawn by plodding old horses, hay-fields in which the men and women together were busy in raking and loading the fragrant dried grass, fields of yellow grain, banks on which great patches of scarlet poppies faced the sun, and ever and anon vistas of the beautiful Thames, winding along through scenes of gentle beauty. On its banks were picnic parties, and on its bosom boating excursions. There were marquees in its meadows and pleasure-gatherings on the lawns that stretched down to it. The air was clear, the sky blue with softly floating clouds, and throughout all Nature's kingdom the

sweetness and content of Arcady. But when we came into the crowded and confined ways of London, with the smoke hiding the glory of heaven, the streets repulsive with dirt, sodden-faced women, drunken and quarreling, and men and children with the mark of lifelong wretchedness in their faces, it was like passing from some earthly paradise into the region where the beast croucheth and the serpent lieth in wait and poisoneth.

It was on our way to Windsor that we left the railway at Slough to visit the "Country Churchyard" of Stoke-Pogis. The walk led us at first through a village street; then it passed a stile into a field through whose rich verdure lay the hard-beaten path that we followed. The flowers were turning their faces to the June sun, the hawthorns were scenting the air, everywhere there was the sweetness and peace of the country, while the larks, soaring towards the empyrean, sent down on the way their rippling melody. The lark's song is ever enchanting.

> "He rises and begins his round,
> He drops the silver chain of sound,
> Of many links, without a break,
> In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
> All intervolved and spreading wide,
> *Like water dimples down a tide*
> *Where ripple ripple overcurls*
> *And eddy into eddy whirls;*
> A press of hurried notes that run
> So fleet they scarce are more than one."

TOWARDS CLOPTON BRIDGE. (See page 109)

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The end of this melody-haunted field-path brought us to a country road, and on the other side of this, high on a bank, the mausoleum to the memory of Gray told us of our nearness to the scenes that he immortalized.

The front of this monument bears this inscription: "This monument in honor of Thomas Gray was erected A. D. 1799, among the scenes celebrated by that great lyric and elegaic poet. He died July 30, 1771, and lies interred in the churchyard adjoining, under the tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his aunt and lamented mother." The other inscriptions are fitting quotations from the *Elegy* and the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

From this memorial to the memory of the poet, it is a short walk to the confines of the churchyard whose graves, thick set, outnumber many times the living of the parish. Here were the ivy-mantled tower, the rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade, shielding the mold'ring turf of many a mound beneath it, the tomb of the poet with his inscription to the memory of his mother and aunt who also sleep there, and many a stone from which time had erased the inscription,— possibly some village Hampden's or some Cromwell's, "guiltless of his country's blood." Over the confining wall a herd of deer were cropping the greensward, and in the yard a group of workmen, engaged in repairs upon the church, were taking their noontide rest, stretched upon the slabs or making them tables for their luncheons. The church

is secluded from the road. It must be reached by a quiet path, and, so shut in, so ivy-grown, so surrounded by the memorials of mortality, so peaceful, it is the most fitting scene imaginable for such a poem.

Burnham Beeches, lying not far away, are likewise fitly the scene of peace and contemplation,—for here are the moss-covered bolls, the wide-spreading branches, a little rill that sings and glides away,—a haunt for poet or artist. The monarch beech that is pointed out as Gray's wonted resting-place, his favorite tree, "wreathing its old fantastic roots so high," is at least seven centuries old. The "upland lawn," which his dew-dampened feet sought "to meet the sun," is Burnham Common.

Next to Stratford-on-Avon, this shrine of Thomas Gray was the one to which my way most gladly led. And here, where he had sat in contemplation, I mused over the memory of his life, and the history of the poem. Gray, like Chaucer, Ben Jonson, and Milton, was of London birth. His father, Philip Gray, a money-broker, had inherited from his father ten thousand pounds, and he married when nearly thirty years of age Dorothy Antrobus, who, although of good family, kept a milliner's shop with her sister. Philip Gray was a man of violent, jealous disposition,—doubtless half-mad. Extravagant in all selfish expenditures, he was miserly towards his wife and family. The wife, however, gave to her family what her husband denied, not only the purest and most self-denying affection, but the means for their

THE SHINING AVON. (See page 109)

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subsistence. During thirty years, she wrote in 1735, she depended entirely upon the little shop kept by herself and her sister, receiving no support from her husband. To such a father, violent, half-insane, jealous but without affection, and to such a mother, lavishing the love that he withheld, inspiring by her ambition, constantly schooling herself in restraint and self-denial, were born twelve children—the poet's date of birth being December 26, 1716. His father refused to educate him, but his mother sent him at the age of eleven, to Eton, and gave him the training of a scholar. At Eton he formed an intimate friendship with the brilliant Horace Walpole and the gifted Richard West—a man of refined tastes and great learning, whose early death cut short not only a most promising life, but an influence that was most healthful and happy to Gray.

From Eton Gray went to Cambridge, where he remained four years studying the classics, Italian, French, a little of history and philosophy, and leading the life of a reflective scholar. After graduation from Cambridge in 1739, his friend, Walpole, invited him to make the grand tour of Europe with him, generously offering to pay all expenses and yet leave him in full independence in gratifying his own wishes. Although during the tour a quarrel occasioned by some trifling cause made a breach that existed for a few years—indeed, it never fully healed—it furnished the most enjoyable years of the poet's life. The diverse beauties of scenery, the treasures of art, the life so different from that of his native land, ap-

pealed wonderfully to his reserved but absorbing nature. Returning to England, he lived henceforth a life without strong contrasts, its course filled with the commonplace. Shortly after his return his father died, and his mother removed to Stoke, near Windsor, to have the company of her sister. The means of the family being limited, Gray took up residence at Cambridge, where he could live more economically, and thenceforth he vibrated back and forth between Cambridge and Stoke. A lover of nature and her feathered songsters, he found in the neighborhood of the woodland parish of Stoke, the Burnham Beeches, Burnham Common, and all the delightful surrounding country, and in the companionship and letters of his friends, all the society and solitude that he desired. His notes on the flowers upspringing at his feet are worthy of Gilbert White. The songs of the birds rippled into his verse:—

> "There pipes the lark, and the song-thrush there
> Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air."

In 1741 his beloved friend, West, died; in 1753 his mother, whose devotion he had so fully reciprocated, passed away, leaving him the only remaining member of the family. In 1762 he was appointed Regius professor of History at Cambridge—an office whose duties he never performed,—and on July 30, 1771, he died, midway in his fifty-fifth year. Such are the simple annals of the life of him in whose memory the college where he lived and wrote has

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

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never placed a commemorative tablet, but whose name has become familiar wherever culture exists, —because he gave to the world a classic—*An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.*

Sensitive, retiring, meditative, somewhat melancholy, of strong friendships, he was preeminently the poet of contemplation, not the man of speech and action. Perhaps it is enough for us that we and all posterity are the heirs of what he wrought in silence and sadness, with infinite pains seeking the perfection of expression for noble thoughts that were born to live.

Gray is said to have felt the first strong predilections for poetry when in his schooldays he read Virgil for delight. Of the two poems that have given him fame—the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*,—the first was written in August, 1742, and the latter begun later, probably in November, in the same year. The slow habits of Gray are well shown by the facts that the *Ode* was not published until 1747, when it was issued by the publisher, Dodsley, without the name of the author, and that the *Elegy* was not completed until eight years after it was begun,—the last lines being written in June, 1750, its first appearance in printed form being in January, 1751.

The *Elegy* was written on four sides of a sheet of common letter paper, about seven inches by nine, with numerous corrections and interlineations, the folds and creases showing that it was evidently car-

ried in a pocketbook, whence it was taken to be read to those choice friends who would appreciate it. Gray was reluctant to publish it. He was greedy neither for fame or gold. In some way, possibly through Walpole, a copy of it came into the possession of the editor of the Magazine of Magazines, who wrote to the author that the magazine was about to publish it, and that he desired to correspond with him. The poem was given to Dodsley for publication, the author stipulating that it should appear as anonymous, and declining to receive any pay for it, because he had a sensitive notion that it was beneath a gentleman to sell the inventions of his mind. So Gray received nothing for it, and Dodsley made four thousand pounds, for the success of the poem was immediate. Of the first edition "the paper was coarse, the pages seven, the attractions of the first page were a scythe and an hour glass, and the price was sixpence." There was no break between the stanzas. From this original edition there were many changes in the later editions, the writer's taste leading him to suppress some stanzas and to make emendations in others. The suppressed stanzas are of great beauty, and while we would not restore to the poem anything that the exquisite taste of Gray led him to reject, we may well preserve them in annotations.

Of the beauty of the poem itself, one finds it difficult to speak. Its dignified theme, its rare felicity of phrase, the perfect music of its heroic quatrains, do not alone explain its charm. It touches, like the

THE MAUSOLEUM OF THOMAS GRAY

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music of the masters, thoughts that lie too deep for tears; it sets ringing in our hearts sweet consonant chords,—chords that may sound not alone in the being of the scholar, but even in the hearts of the unlettered; it has given to the world more quoted phrases than any other single short poem:—

> "Jewels five wordslong,
> That on the stretched finger of all Time
> Sparkle forever."

There is a touching little story of Mr. Scudder's —"How 'Weak Job' saw the Prince—" that haunted my brain whenever I saw the gray walls and guarded entrances behind which princes and princesses were hidden. Princes and fairies walked hand in hand through all my earliest reading, and somehow I have never been able to lose the illusion that they are alike beings of another world—the world of pure and sweet imagination. "Weak Job" dwelt for weeks in expectation of seeing the Prince when he should visit his city. It was his first thought in the morning and his last thought at night. And when the day came, and his feet ran swiftly towards the great Avenue of the city through which the Prince was to pass, when the shoutings and cheerings and music were ringing clear upon his ears and the glorious sight was almost within his vision, a poor wretch who had fallen appealed to him for help. To give aid was to lose the grand spectacle; to rush on, deaf to the call, was to disobey Duty. And so "Weak Job" stooped to the unfortunate, and saw

not the Prince as he passed. But, lo! as he lifted the poor man to his feet and ministered to his needs, a mightier pageant than any of earth swept before him: a more glorious presence than any of earth bent over him,—the very Prince of Princes and the King of Glory. My telling the story has no application and no moral. No wretch sought my aid as I hurried on my way to see the Princess; no call of Duty deterred me; and yet I found myself saying, "Dear 'Weak Job,' poor 'Weak Job,' I wish that you were here with me to see the Princess."

A royal Drawing Room was to be held, and the Queen was in Scotland. Therefore the Princess of Wales was to receive, and as Marlborough House is a distance from Buckingham Palace, she would ride in state from the one residence to the other. There were crowds of people along the Mall, all the way from Marlborough House, past St. James Palace, to the gates of Buckingham Palace, and past them again and again swept the carriages of those bidden to the Drawing Room. Drivers and footmen, immaculate in dress, in small clothes, with huge bouquets upon their breasts, rode past in all the consciousness of their high estate, and within the carriages were those who were to be presented with those who were their sponsors. The front seats of the carriages were filled by the enormous bouquets and the wonderful trains of the ladies whose beauty and jewels and glory of raiment adorned the back seats. In full dress, with costly wraps but half concealing their décolleté dresses worn, diamonds sparkling from

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. (See page 122)

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throats as white as swans', and with the three feathers surmounting their elaborate coiffures, they formed a constantly changing and fascinating sight to us who waited for the Princess. Adown the Mall sweeps the royal Horse, all scarlet and gold,—the sunlight flashing from their helmets and their long crests waving in the air, flawless in dress and carriage, on their way to Marlborough House to act as escort. A state carriage drives past us conveying a slender princess, all in black,—the Duchess of York. Now another follows, conveying Her Grace of Buccleugh, the Mistress of the Robes. There is a craning of necks, for the Royal Horse is coming proudly back, escorting the splendid state carriage; and in the state carriage, all in white satin, with a diamond tiara crested with three white plumes surmounting her royal head, is the Princess. How young she looks, how beautiful, and how charming! And when she bends her head and smiles so winsomely, looking straight into our faces, and so near to us, may we not assume that the bow and the smile are our very own, and store them away in the treasure-house of memory? And did we see the Prince? Ah, yes! for he rode with the Princess, and he looked both royal and gracious.

There was a special service at St. Paul's Cathedral one Sunday afternoon during our stay in London, in aid of the hospital. As we reached the entrance a procession of state carriages came slowly up, bearing those who were to be the especial

guests on the occasion—all in their robes and decorations. We entered the cathedral and went up one of the aisles until we reached a barrier. Against this we leaned until seats might be taken, and here we saw the entrance of the civic and legal dignitaries. From a side entrance there came a long procession of be-robed and be-jeweled men, the City Marshal in a bright red uniform, the sheriffs, the sword-bearer, the mace-bearer, and the Lord Mayor. The chief usher as this last official came slowly down the aisle, announced in a loud and clear voice, "The Honorable the Lord Mayor." The procession came down to the bar against which we leaned, and then turned into a dressing-chamber. After a slight wait another procession came in purple and ermine and wigs, the last member having a long purple gown the train of which was carried by a gentleman-in-waiting, in small clothes. The chief usher again lifted up his clear voice to announce "The Right Honorable the Lord Chancellor." The Lord Chancellor looked every bit as dignified as the title would lead one to expect, and the wig and robe lent to his large and somewhat haughty features the full awe and majesty of the law. In the dressing-room the procession was again formed, and as it came forth each member of it received a bouquet, according to some old custom. When the majesty of the courts and the city had received its proper attention and its representatives had been honorably seated, the majesty of heaven was appealed to and the divine service proceeded.

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One day we stole out from London—*stole* seems the appropriate word when one takes the underground railway—to Highgate and its cemetery, for in this field of the dead lie the ashes of "George Eliot." I had never before seen mounds so near together, graves so closely crowding graves, the stones so thickly set that a guide is necessary for the stranger who would find some particular one. "It's the wuth o' the land that makes 'em set 'em so near," said the guardian. "We wish to find the grave of 'George Eliot,' said I to him. "Will you kindly tell me——," but he broke in upon me. "You're Americans, I know," said he; "there's a hundred of your people comes here with that question to one Englishman." His directions were so minute that, in the wilderness of crossing paths, we came to the one narrow one by whose side was the stone we sought. The lot was one of the smallest—scarcely larger than the coffin that it covered, and the plain stone bore the simplest inscription. No loving hand had planted any flowers there; no bunch or wreath of remembrance lay upon the mound. Only a single daisy turned its pale pink blossom to the open sky,—an air-sown flower, its life as lonely as hers on whose grave it bloomed. Had I known I should have brought some flowers, but my hands were empty, though my heart was full.

A pleasant way leads from Highgate to Parliament Hill. Here is the freedom of the country, its wide stretch of fields over which the winds blow unfettered by crowded houses, little lakes as Nature

roughly set them, upland winding paths, and grassy slopes. Quiet groups are stretched in the sun, children are playing on the expanse, and from the summit groups of people are gazing down upon London whose towers and spires, as far as the eye reaches, stretch upward from the City's smoky, overhanging atmosphere. Here the conspirators waited on that gray November morning in 1605 to watch the event of the Guy Fawkes plot—to see the Houses of Parliament shoot skyward.

A long time ago, when William the Norman came across the water-way to England, there was in his train a certain Esquire, named Adam B——, to whom for bravery and nobility the monarch gave a large tract of land in Sussex, and so founded the estate of an old English family. Perchance it is idle to tell the history of this family save to say that its sons and its resources were ever at the service of the nation. Its men fought at the battle of Poictiers and that of Crécy, and gave liberally to defend England against the Spanish Armada. On the river Arun that flows through their estate they were granted the sole right to keep swans—an unusual privilege—and so a swan appears as a crest on their coat of arms. And when John B——, in charge of the Sussex men, took the castle of Fontenoy in France, Edward the Black Prince gave him a castle as another crest. From the time of the first Adam B—— the home of the family has been on the beautiful Sussex acres given by the Conqueror, and to these

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acres the alliances of marriage have added more lands. In the earliest days of New England history, some younger sons of this family came to the beautiful Merrimac Valley, bringing, I hope, some of the valor and high purpose of the home stock, taking root, and becoming in the passing of the years an old New England family. It was because we were late-born twigs upon this New England tree, that we were desirous of seeing the family home in the older England. So from London we wrote to the present head of the house, a baronet, asking permission, without intruding upon him, to see the old house, the old church, and to wander beside the Arun on the old estate. The response was so immediate, so charming in its cordiality, and so generous in its hospitality, that we made the initial of the day that we were to spend there a red letter, and the courtesy that we experienced was so unaffected and pleasing that the glow of its color lingers over all our English days.

To leave London early in the morning, after having made a hazardous trip among and beween numerous carts that bring vegetables to the city, to fly by train through delightful suburbs farther and farther into the country, to come at last into the pastoral county of Sussex, to be met by a coach emblazoned with one's own crest, gives even an independent American a thrill. We were driven along an ideal country road, over an old stone bridge upon the Arun, and across the meadows of the river we saw the gray stone walls of the mansion

arise. By the lodge, which the roses almost smothered and the rhododendrons hedged in, up a circular driveway, between trees—I know not how old—and borders of shrubs that cast a wealth of perfume on the air, and the carriage stopped at the porch above which the arms of the family are carved.

The grave butler met us and ushered us through the oaken hall, from those walls the faces of our ancestors looked down upon us, ancestors who lived before New England was, and who could not have whispered, "Kinsmen from our colonies beyond the seas," because they were dust before England had colonies there. In the great drawing-room we were given the pleasantest of welcomes by Sir Walter and Lady B,—— and after chatting for a few minutes we walked through the gardens and across the fields where pheasants for the fall shooting were being bred, to the old church, built by the family early in the thirteenth century, on the site and possibly incorporating the remains of an older Saxon church. Beneath the church lie those who died in the centuries before the founding of New England." "Our common ancestors," said the lord of the lands. Their stones are the floor of the church, and the rolls of carpeting were carefully lifted that we might see the brasses and the inscriptions that mark them.

Near by is the old manor-house of one of the allied families, whose house and estates were joined by marriage with those of the family of the mansion house. It is a beautiful house, with hexagonal chimneys and many of the characteristics of the Tudor

THE MANOR HOUSE

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style,—a type worth being copied in modern architecture.

Over the delicious luncheon that was served in the old dining-room of the mansion house, where the portraits of the later members of the family kept us company, England, Old and New, discussed a hundred questions,—the amity between the older and the younger nation, art, literature, national characteristics,—and the hour sped all too soon. After the master of the estate had taken us walking over its acres, the mistress called for her own carriage that she might take us to see the beauties of the country from some distant hills. The drive took us past romantic rose-covered cottages, between hedges, by thickets where the honeysuckle was first unfolding its fragrant bloom, and along banks which the heather was tinting with its rich purple. Then from the hill which was our goal there spread a view of pastoral lands far-reaching, with horizon lines of hill crests, and streams stealing quietly in winding ways,—peaceful, restful, blown by gentlest airs and bathed in softest light.

A delicious five-o'clock tea in the drawing-room, a clasping of hands in good-by and the day was done. And yet, whenever I think of England, the memory of that day comes—the day when the sun shone softest, the light fell sweetest, on the *golden way* that we traversed.

Among the pictures that I gathered that day is one that I call the *shadow bridge*. And I tell this story as a legend about it : In the days when the

heathen pursued the Christian a holy band was closely followed by those who sought to do them violence. Before the fugitives lay the river, and there was no passage across it. But when they had lifted their hearts in prayer for deliverance, lo! a bridge, stout and firm, lay across the water. They crossed, but when the foe attempted passage it was like mist to their feet. They saw it and the church beyond it as a bridge of fancy and a church of dreams, and, softened by the wonder, they bowed and became followers of the true faith.

Can you not see the bridge of fancy and the church of dreams, the meadows and the stream, and the swans? And must I give a less poetic reason for it all? Know, then, that the shadowy bridge and tower is but the result of misapplied economy —the vain effort to give a clear result from two exposures of one plate—a fabric of fancy on the *golden way*.

THE SHADOW BRIDGE

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VI.

THE DEVON LAND: ENVOY.

Dear strengthful land, formed for wild deeds of might,
Upon thy somber ways there falls a light,
A glory born not of the sun or moon;
By Fancy's spell uprose in this stern place
The fairest daughter of thy rugged race,—
Sweet Lorna Doone.

WHATEVER charm the city may weave around me the heart of nature has a stronger spell. Life is at its high tide when some highway invites the feet to sylvan delights, or when from the stage-coach the clean upland breeze smites the face, or the airs blown soft through gentle valleys cool and refresh. So I shall remember long the tingling of fresh life through my being as we left the railway at Minehead and mounted the coach for the "Lorna Doone country." If in all England there is so wildly romantic a road, so fitting an entrance to such a scene of strength and wildness and romance the *golden way* did not lead through it. The long tree-bordered Minehead street leads to a valley up whose steep sides the coach slowly mounts. Beyond are sweeping views of Dunkery, of the wild steeps of Exmoor. Lanes and narrow roads, branching, invite us to beauties of which gray church towers and picturesque cottages hint. Then we sweep down a lovely

vale and come into quaint Porlock. Wherever a cottage lies beside the road, sweetly sleeping in the sun, there is a war of the roses upon its sides—the red and the white marshaling their hosts of blossoms and breathing sweetest challenges from stalks that clamber to the very roofs. Tall, stately foxgloves, all abloom, stand in lines along the way, and stiffly sway and nod as we sweep past. Shy, modest poppies look forth beneath the wheat heads, like modest blushing country maidens, while their bolder sisters surmount the grain and flaunt their brilliant beauty full in our faces. And there are valley views with waters that tempt the fisherman, and stretches of purple-clad heights which say to the hunter "Come hither!" for in this Devon neighborhood there is abundant reward for the angler, and here alone the wild red deer tempts—and baffles, we hope—the devotee of the chase. "There was one seen this morning," says the driver, "as we came over the stretch beyond Porlock hill." So we strain our eyes, and turn many a bit of distant heather into a mountain stag.

Porlock should be forever preserved, embalmed, and it should be a capital crime to diminish a bit of its picturesqueness by the introduction of anything modern. Once it was a seaport—the sea-gate to Somerset and Devon—and many a battle was fought here between the invader and the invaded. Then the sea withdrew a mile and a half, but left the old Ship Inn to give a nautical flavor to the place.

OLD SHIP INN, PORLOCK Page 130

If old tars no longer exchange sea-stories in its bar-room, or lean out of its latticed windows, the hunters of the deer gather here in August and tell tales of the chase. The most picturesque of cottages peep around corners, and run down the crooked ways. Their funny back chimneys are at the front of the houses, the myrtles shield their white walls, climbing and blossoming flowers scent the air from their gardens, and their straw-thatched roofs, of varying depths of gray, stand softly outlined against a sky of gentle blue.

Here first we feel that we are entering a country over which the romancist has cast his spell of enchantment, for here is an inn called the "Lorna Doone," and we remember that John Ridd's dear father had been killed by the Doones of Bagworthy while riding home from Porlock market on a Saturday evening.

From Porlock the road rises up a four-mile hill, and to a height of 1400 feet. So entrancing was the constantly widening sweep of the scene, so exhilarating the air, so joyous the sense of freedom and the absence of restraint, that it seemed hardly a mile to us who walked it. There are some white stones on the way half way up the hill, called "The Devil's Throw," which his satanic being flung for practise from Hurlstone Point, seven miles or so away. At Culbone stables the coach stops to change the wearied horses, and the traveler should make a longer stay to visit the little Culbone Church.

The way that leads to it is one from which there

are views of the sea, and the music of the surf breaking on the sand-bars, commingling with that of a stream amid the woods of Ashley Combe. By and by we enter a combe—the local name of a valley—shaded deeply by overhanging trees, filled with the melody of a singing brook, and shut in by its mountainous sides from the garish day. And here, on a green level, four hundred feet above the waters of the ocean and with the hills rising eight hundred feet above it, is Culbone Church—the smallest parish church in the kingdom—and its little surrounding yard of the dead. The tiny building with its tiny window is surmounted by a tiny steeple pointed by a gilt cross on which the rays of the sun fall but for four months of the year. Romantic but lonely in its situation, it is one of the three churches of the old distich :—

> " Culbone, Oare, and Stoke Pero,
> Párishes where no parson'll go."

Visitors make a playful pretense of being unable to find it on account of its smallness, and the story is told that one tourist, having searched for it unsuccessfully, asked a man, whom he met on the way, where Culbone Church was. The man pointed to this Liliputian box.

" But that can't be a church," said the tourist ; " it hasn't any steeple."

" It's the church, to be sure," said the man, "and I've the steeple in my pocket, a-carrying it home to mend it."

CULBONE CHURCH

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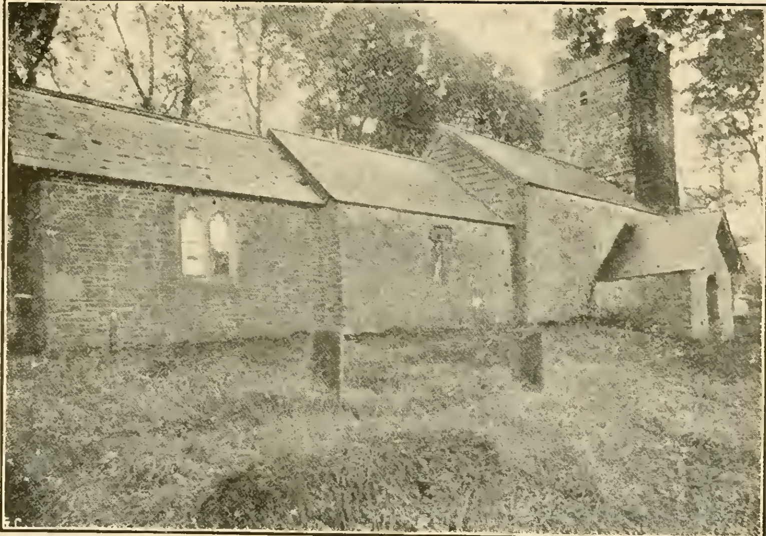
Beyond Culbone stables the Oare valley lies on our left. And there is the Great Black Hill, with the Doone Valley beyond. A glimpse of the Badgeworthy Valley is caught just where our highway crosses the road that wanders down to "Plovers Barrows Farm" and Oare Church.

"Some day," we say, "we will return, and wander where the stout frame of John Ridd carried him, by Plovers Barrows Farm, where 'are trees and bright green grass and orchards full of contentment, and a man may scarce espy a brook, although he hears it everywhere;' by the Badgeworthy water and the *slide*, to Oare church, where, when the lilacs were all in bloom for the marriage of Lorna and John, the dastard shot of Carver Doone stained the yellow altar steps with the blood of the lovely bride."

We pass the white County Gate—the bound between Somerset and Devon,—and then the road skirts the steep side of the mountain, is cut into it, and there is only a bank of turf to save the coach from rolling six hundred feet down the precipitous cliff side to the sea. The drags of the coach are out, and turning and winding down the tremendous descent, we drop into the valley that is Lynmouth—the valley where the East Lyn and the West Lyn, coming wild and swift from their separate courses, join their waters and flow peacefully the few hundred feet into the ocean. But above the mouth of the Lyn, perched almost immediately over the valley village of Lynmouth, is Lynton, and up the steep hill thereto the six horses drag their burden only by

many a twist and turn and halt. As for us, we bore our own burden, and came by a hard climb to the top of the hill. There, at the entrance of the pathway to her domain, the landlady of the Royal Castle met us, mistook us for some greater personages—who didn't come—and ushered us into the best chamber of the house. From its windows, afar over a sea that was glorious with the tints of the setting sun, and upon whose waters little white-sailed sloops were hurrying to the harbor—white doves seeking their nest—afar over such a sea were the shadowy outlines of the Welsh coast. At the foot of the steep wooded hill nestled the village of Lynmouth. Beyond were the moors and the valleys of the Lyn rivers, while, bold, stern, and awful, the great promontory of the Countisbury Foreland thrusts its huge mass out into the sea, as if to challenge its might.

It rained gently in the morning, and then the sun shone forth and turned the tree-covered hillside to resplendence and kissed the sea, which dimpled with a myriad smiles in return. The boats unfurled their white sails and glided forth, while now near and now afar the excursion boats left their trail of smoke. There is a funicular railway that slides down from Lynton to Lynmouth,—a double-tracked railway with a car at the base of one track and one at the height of the other. These cars are connected by a cable which winds around a great wheel at the top. The upper car is ballasted with enough water to slightly overbalance the weight of the car at the foot of the other track. It slides down the



OARE CHURCH

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hill with its passengers, and so draws up the hill the other car with its passengers. At the base of the hill the water is let out of the reservoir, while the one at the top is filled.

We chose to walk down the hill, however, and found that the rain had made the road slimy, and given a treacherous footing to a steep descent. At the base of the coach road we turned into the "Watersmeet way," passing some very attractive shops, and winding between two rows of cottages that prettily framed the Lynton hill.

I stopped to photograph the scene, and caught on my plate the milk-boy and his cart on their round.

"Now I shall take you back to America," I said laughingly.

"Ah, weel," said the man who was trudging by the team, "ye can say that he is an honest Devonshire milk lad."

We dropped down from the highway at this point, and went up by the East Lyn. On and on we walked by a constant succession of little cascades and foam-beaten rocks, where the river, exulting and laughing, hurries on the way to its eternity—the sea—glad, excited, and ever musical. Every step revealed new beauties. The high hills girt us round, threatened to bar our way, and yet left ever a path by the brook course. The flowers bloomed in profusion along the path,—wild roses, white and pink, foxgloves, stone-croft, and delicate harebells. The trees were tenanted by songful birds, and

their swaying limbs, like Æolian harps, broke the sweep of the wind into soft rhythmic melody. By such a way, over whose succeeding and varied charms I shouted louder and louder, we came to a little foot-bridge that led across the stream. On our side of the bridge was an invitation to drop a penny in the box and then cross to the cot on the other side. Supposing that it might be some toll affair, I followed the directions, and when the door opened stood eager to receive the penny's worth of knowledge.

"Go back over the bridge," said the girl who opened the door, "and keep on the same path."

"But why do you invite people to cross your bridge and pay you a penny for such information," cried I, somewhat aghast at this bucolic bunco scheme.

"Oh," she replied, "there's plenty of people who are never sure they are right, even with the path straight before them. They're always crossing the bridge and knocking at the door, anyhow, and a penny is cheap enough for the bother."

It was after three miles of such river-side walking that we came to a broad opening, where, on the right bank of the stream, the soft turf stretches away, level and green,—a patch of gentleness where all else is ragged and wild. And here the Combe Park Water on the right comes leaping and foaming, breaking from ledge to ledge, noisy and tumultuous, and the East Lyn on the left glides in prettily and softly, with a ripple like a maiden's laugh, and before this

WATERSMEET

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green altar, with the great hills marshaling themselves about as witnesses, there is that union of the two streams, that bridal of strength and gentle grace, that is called " Watersmeet."

Nature is uncopyable. She paints in colors all her own. She veils ; she hides ; she softens ; and then about her softest scenes she breathes a music —perchance the ripple of a stream or the musical roar of a torrent ; perchance the gentle soughing of the wind through the trees ; perchance the thunder of waves against a rocky shore, or the soft lapping of the tide upon a shingly beach—which becomes a part of the picture. Imagine waves breaking in silence against the cliffs ; cascades or waterfalls that are soundless ; winds that make no music through the leaves ;—and half the charm of what we see is gone. Watersmeet is so full of melody, of life, of laughter, so peaceful, so guarded, that one feels very near to the heart of Nature,—but if he would make captive its charm on canvas or plate, he finds how elusive that charm is.

" This is Combe Park Water," we say, " only you must imagine the sparkle of its flow between delicate bending branches that sway above it. And that is Lyn River, only you cannot see how like a fall of soft lace the leaves cast their shadows on its surface, nor how the light makes every ripple luminous. The birds are singing in the woods—if you could hear how sweetly !—and he who is sitting on the bank is reading from *Lorna Doone* how morning broke in such a spot as this ;—

"Suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich red rose, according to the scene they lit on, and the curtain flung around; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming *God is here.* Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow; every flower, and bud, and bird, had a fluttering sense of them; and the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence.

"*So perhaps shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill nor valley, nor great unvintaged ocean; when glory shall not scare happiness, neither happiness envy glory; but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance, because itself is risen.*"

Though there is a good bridge farther down the stream, one loves to cross the falls of the Combe Park Water by the log that has been thrown across it, and look down with a trace of giddiness into its flood and fury. Then he crosses the gentler waters of the Lyn by a rough bridge of boards, and climbs up among oaks and hazel and birches to follow its course along the high bank above it. Thence we look down upon a stream that now breaks impetuously over craggy falls, now rests in shaded pools, and now chatters to the myriad stones that break its course. Anon there comes to our ears a deeper roar

THE LYCH-GATE AT BRENDON CHURCH Page 138

sustained and heavy, where the water plunges through a narrow course over jagged rocks to the Long Pool. "Shut in by abrupt cliffs," says one who loves this spot, "draped and festooned with fern and hanging creepers, dark and sunless almost always, for the length of a hundred yards or more the river creeps along, exhausted seemingly by the turmoil of its previous course." Beyond are pools and cascades innumerable, until the path drops and we enter the hamlet of Rockford. We cross the foot-bridge here, and climb the steep red road that leads past Brendon church. The way is narrow. The church rests just at the top of the hill. From its peaceful graveyard the land slopes down to the roaring stream below. The sundial above the porch bears the date 1707. The entrance to the church or the yard is through the old lych-gate, and in the middle of this and dividing the steps is that rare feature—a coffin-stone. For when the dead are borne into this last resting-place, the coffin is rested on this stone while the first part of the service is read. Then it is borne into the church for the conclusion of the service.

While I was clambering up the opposite bank to catch with my camera this unique and beautiful gateway, my brother wandered on, and soon came back with the neighboring school at his heels, a merry, bright-eyed, and honest-faced set of Devon lads and lassies. They kept us company almost to the Ilford bridges, and were only recalled by a treble and furious ringing of the teacher's bell. The school was small, they told us, it being sheep-shearing time.

At Ilford bridge we chose the homeward path that led across the moors—as lonely a region as earth has, its surface dull with the heather, with steep descents, down which the wild mountain sheep leaped I know not whither, and far-reaching valleys through which we caught glimpses of Lynton on its hill, and Lynmouth by its harbor.

Faint paths wander here and there by which the mischievous pyxies may mislead the incautious traveler, and tall hedges separate one man's domain from that of his neighbor. Almost within paths that we knew, with Lynmouth lying just below us, we, alas!—were pyxie-led, and wandered here and there on Summer House Hill only to find the end of each way barred by some hedge or steep descent. Finally we plunged at random down the declivity and unexpectedly came into a path that led us to the place where the old stone bridge crosses the brawling Lyn to the coach road. When we had reached Lynmouth and climbed the steep hill to our abiding place, when we had bathed and sat down to the sweet and inviting table, our eyes wandered over the hills and moors where our day had been spent, and we sighed to think that it was past. And then we knew as we ate the clotted cream why none other in all England can have its flavor—for the Devon kine feed and browse on the delectable mountains.

On the morrow it showered gently, as it had on the previous morning, but remembering how beauti-

THE MOORLAND

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ful a yesterday had been born of a showery morning, we turned our steps toward the North Cliff Walk. From Countisbury Foreland I had noticed the precipitous descent of this North Cliff, and the thread of a path that lay along and far up its side, and I had wondered why the pedestrians on it did not go reeling adown into the ocean below. And when I had turned from the lane which one enters by the Valley of Rocks Hotel, into that narrow way hewn along this precipice, I kept for a while close to the jagged wall on the left, lest my head should grow dizzy and my feet stumble. And yet adown the rough steep, where I scarcely allowed my gaze to wander, the mountain sheep skipped fearlessly from rock to rock, and their tender bleating kids followed and fell not.

Here above the path are massive battlements of granite, hundreds of feet high, their line against the sky fretted with turrets and moucharabies; and here below the path down hundreds of feet, even into the sea, have rolled hunderds of fragments that have been beaten from the battlements by time and frost. The great stony outcrops are reddened not with blood but with iron; the lichens have diversified the color of the rocks with their green and the stone-crop has stained them with its vermillion; little bushes have taken root between the rocks; and grass has drawn sustenance from the dust into which they have crumbled. As the path winds there comes into view something like the ruined height of a noble fortress—Castle Rock,—

rising sheer four hundred feet from the sea, while, beyond, Duty Point reaches out into the waters. This great battlemented wall hides behind it a valley strewn with stony débris, with here and there stone slabs piled one upon another.

This is the great Valley of Rocks, and the slabs are the Devil's Cheese-ring. Here it was that John Ridd came to consult Mother Meldrum, who kept her winters here, "sheltering from the wind and rain within the Devil's Cheese-ring. . . . Under eaves of lichened rock she had a winding passage, and none that I know of ever durst enter but herself." Within the midst of this valley,—"a place to rest in; to think that troubles are not if we would not make them; to know the sea is outside the hills, but never to behold it,"—I sat and recalled not alone John's visits to the wise woman, but the contest that he saw on Castle Rock.

"She pointed to the Castle Rock, where, upon a narrow shelf, betwixt us and the coming stars, a bitter fight was waging. A fine fat sheep with an honest face had climbed up very carefully, to browse on a bit of juicy grass, now the dew of the land was upon it. To him, from an upper crag, a lean black goat came hurrying with leaps and skirmish of the horns and an angry noise at his nostrils. The goat had grazed the place before to the utmost of his liking, cropping in and out with jerks as their manner is of feeding. Nevertheless he fell on the sheep with fury and great malice.

"The simple wether was very much inclined to re-

THE NORTH CLIFF WALK

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tire from the contest, but looked around in vain for any way to peace and comfort. His enemy stood between him and the last leap he had taken ; there was nothing left but to fight, or be hurled into the sea, five hundred feet below.

" 'Lie down, lie down!' I shouted to him, as if he were a dog, for I had seen a battle like this before, and knew that the sheep had no chance of life, except from his greater weight, and the difficulty of moving him.

" The poor sheep turned, upon my voice, and looked at me so piteously that I could gaze no longer, but ran with all my speed to try to save him from the combat. He saw that I could not be in time, for the goat was bucking to leap at him, and so the good wether stooped his forehead, with the harmless horns curling aside of it ; and the goat flung his heels up, and rushed at him with sharp jumps and tricks of movement, and the points of his long horns always foremost, and his little scut cocked like a gun-hammer.

" As I ran up the steep of the rock, I could not see what they were doing, but the sheep must have fought very bravely at last, and yielded his ground very slowly, and I almost hoped to save him. But just as my head topped the platform of rock, I saw him flung from it backward, with a sad low moan and gurgle. His body made a vanishing noise in the air like a bucket thrown down a well-shaft, and I could not tell when it struck the water except by the echo among the rocks. So wroth was I with

the goat at that moment—being somewhat scant of breath, and unable to consider—that I caught him by the right hind-leg, before he could turn from his victory, and hurled him after the sheep, to learn how he liked his own compulsion."

About Duty Point, whose wooded upward sweep we saw from the Cliff Walk, there clings a story of the De Wichehalses, who dwelt close by in Lee Abbey. When Charles the First was king, the fair and only daughter of the De Wichehalses was Jenifred, whose beauty had won the favor of Lord Auberly, a favorite of the King. Betrothal followed favor, and the day for the wedding was set. As happy as the birds that sang in the Devon woods, as pink and white as the wild roses all abloom in the ways, she rose on her wedding morn. Her betrothed came not. She was alarmed for him. Some accident had befallen him. Perhaps he was ill. No. A laggard messenger came with the word that he had proved false, and was already wedded to another. All the joy died in her heart; all the roses fled from her cheek. She spoke not. But when night came she stole down to the cliffs of Duty Point and flung herself over. And all night the sea sang her requiem for whose wedding the morning roses had bloomed.

The father, sore stricken, rode away to the court and demanded vengeance on the fickle lover. But the king shielded him, and bade the old man return to his home. "Love is naught but a game that men play at," said he.

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS

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Now De Wichehalse turned from a loyalist to a rebel, and threw himself against the king, and everywhere he sought the false Auberly. At length in the battle of Lansdowne the father and faithless met, and with one mighty blow De Wichehalse broke through Auberly's guard, and clave his skull in twain.

A twelvemonth later, the Royalist forces made an attack upon the Abbey, but in darkness De Wichehalse ran to the coast and pushed off with some companions in a boat. The sea, as merciless as the foe, overturned the boat, and cast the dead back upon the land.

When reluctantly we left Lynton, we followed a road that led along the West Lyn, past Barbrook Mill, through a tiny village with so narrow a main street that we scraped acquaintance with the fuchsias and climbing roses on either side, over hills from which only a sea of rolling downs stretched far away, and so on and on until from Kentisbury Down we dropped to the long street of Combmartin.

One Devon village differeth from another—from every other—in quaintness and beauty, and despite the clinging definition by which Charles Kingsley described Combmartin—"a mile-long man-sty"—I found its narrow street singularly interesting. It was late afternoon when our coach rattled into it—the red-coated driver making a great flourish of whips, and the light fell soft upon the gray stone cottages, which leaned out towards one another as if making neighborly confidences, flower-grown even to the

thatched roofs. The great and little Hangman's hills were bathed in mellow light, and the waters sparkled and gave back a glory of amber and green to the low-descending sun.

But were all else of Combmartin to fade from my memory, I should cling to the visit to the gray stone church. The chancel, they say, is fully nine hundred years old, and the tower more than six hundred. The door is unlocked with a key that is five hundred years old, and in the vestry is an old oak chest—and I know not how many hundred years have gnawed at that,—and in the chest is an old silver and lead communion service.

This church has been artistically and deliciously sketched by Marie Corelli in *The Mighty Atom*, and the description is not a whit less worthy because of the Devon dialect and the sweet philosophy. It is Reuben Dale—really James Norman, the verger, now dead—who speaks to the sadly precocious boy, Lionel Valliscourt:—

"Reuben approached the oaken screen and pointed out the twelve apostles carved upon it.

"'Now do'ee know, little zur,' said he, 'why this 'ere carvin' is at least two hunner' years old—an' likely more'n that?'

"'No,' answered Lionel, squeezing Jessamine's little warm hand in his own, out of sheer comfort that he was not to be separated from her yet.

"'Jest watch these 'ere gates as I pull 'em to an' fro,' continued Reuben. 'Do what ye will wi' 'em, they won't stay shut,—see!' and he proved the fact

A GLIMPSE OF LYNTON HILL. (See page 135)

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beyond dispute. 'That shows they wos made 'fore the days o' Cromwell. For in them times all the gates o' th' altars was copied arter the pattern o' Scripture which sez,—" An the gates o' Heaven shall never be shut, either by day or by night." Then when Cromwell came an' broke up the statues, an' tore down the picters or whited them out wheresoever they wos on th' walls, the altars wos made different, wi' gates that shut an' locked,—I s'pose 'e wos that sing'ler afraid of idolatry that 'e thought the folks might go an' worship the Communion Cup on th' Lord's table. S'now ye'll be able to tell whether the altar-gates is old or new, by this one thing,—if they can't be shut they're 'fore Cromwell's day,—if they can they're wot's called modern gimcrackery. Now, see the roof!

" 'Folks' as been 'ere an' said quite wiselike,—" O that roof's quite modern,"—but 'tain't nuthin' o' th' sort. See them oak mouldings?—not one o' them's straight,—not a line! They couldn't get 'em exact in them days,—they wasn't clever enough. So they're all crooked an' 'bout as old as th' altar-screen, —mebbe older, for if ye stand 'ere jest where I be, ye'll see they all bend one way more than t'other, makin' the whole roof look lop-sided like, an' why's that, d'ye think? Well, they'd a reason for what they did in them old times an' a sentiment, too,— an' they made the churches lean a bit to the side on which our Lord's head bent on the Cross when He said, " It is finished." Ye'll find nearly all th' old churches lean a bit that way,—it's a sign of age as

well as a sign o' faith. Now look at these 'ere figures on the pews,—ain't they all got their 'eads cut off?'

"Lionel admitted that they had, with a grave little nod. Jessamine, who copied his every gesture for the moment, nodded too.

"'That wos Cromwell's doin',' went on Reuben,—''E an' 'is men wos consumed-like wi' what they called the fury o' holiness, an' they thought all these figures wos false gods an' symbols of idolatry, an' they just cut their 'eads off,—executed 'em as 'twere, like King Charles, hisself. Now look up there,—there's a prutty color comin' through that bit o' glass! It's the only mossel o' real old stained glass in the church,—an' it's a rare sight older than the church itself. D'ye know how to tell old stained glass from new? No? Well, I'll tell ye. When it's old it's very thick,—an' if ye put your hand on the wrong side it's rough,—very rough, jest as if 'twas covered wi' baked cinders,—that's allus a sure an' sartin proof o' great age. Modern stained glass ye'll find a 'most as smooth an' polished on its wrong side as on its right. Now, if ye coom into th' vestry, I'll show ye the real old chest what was used for Peter's pence when we was under Papist rule.'

"'An' here's Peter's little money-box,' said he showing them a ponderous oak chest some five feet long and three high; 'that 'ud hold a rare sight, o' pennies, wouldn't it?'

"He threw it open, disclosing its black worm-eaten

THE COUNTISBURY FORELAND. (See page 134) Page 148

interior, with a few old bits of tarnished silver lying at the bottom, the fragments of a long disused Communion service.

"'Lor' bless me!' said Reuben, then, laughing a little,—'there's a deal o' wot I call silly faith left in some o' the folk still. There wos a nice old leddy cam' 'ere las' summer, an' she believed that Peter hisself cam' down from Heaven o' nights, an' tuk all the money offered 'im, specially pennies, for they's the coins chiefly mentioned i' th' Testament, an' she axed me to let 'er put a penny in,—I s'pose she thought the saint might be in want o' it. "For, my good man," sez she to me, "'ave you never 'eered that St. Peter still visits th' world, an' when he cooms down he might need this penny o' mine to buy bread." "Do as ye like, marm," sez I,—"it don't make no difference to me I'm sure!" Well, she put the penny in, bless 'er'art!—an' this Christmas past I was a-cleanin' an' rubbin' up everything i' the church, an' in dustin' out this 'ere box I saw the penny,—St. Peter 'adn't come after it. So I jest tuk it, 'and he chuckled softly, 'I tuk it an' give it to a poor ole beggar-man outside the church-gate,—so I played Peter for once i' my life, an' not so badly I 'ope but wot I shall be furgiven.'"

We passed, as did Lionel and Jessamine, out of the church into the air that was all fragrant with the scent of the roses and the sweetbrier and the wild thyme, and again we mounted the coach. The horses were fresh, and we sped along up a steep rise,

meeting donkey carts loaded with strange family groups and driven with as much recklessness as a donkey can be forced to; gipsies with their picturesque odds-and-ends costumes and carts, and bath-chairs led by man, woman, or boy on foot, in charge of some bundled-up and invalided passenger. The road lay along a magnificent cliff. Then it slipped down towards a harbor, made a sudden turn, and we were in Ilfracombe. Fifty donkeys, all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a ride, were drawn up in line along the street, each with a driver who strove to look more sad and more wistful, and to talk more volubly, than any other.

Ilfracombe is a watering-place, a resting-place, a safe harbor for ships or men, and the quiet Sunday that we spent there is a memory of the sands of the beach with hundreds of children at innocent play, of the Capstone—that great rocky cliff, with a magnificent walk built into its side,—of many a newly-plighted man and wife in the devotion of the honeymoon, for Ilfracombe is the haunt of the "Pilgrim of Love," of a band of Welsh minstrels, who sang sweetly in the open air, of the fervor of a branch of the Salvation Army, who, morning and noon and night, wrestled noisily with the Prince of Evil, on the strand,—and of a feeling of complete restfulness.

It is a little rough—the steamer ride from Ilfracombe to Clovelly. Winds lie in lurk around the high promontories, and sweep forth to play with

THE CAPSTONE

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the boat and excite the anxiety of those whose stomachs have tender sensibilities. And when the delectable haven is close at hand, the steamer anchors and one must climb over its sides into the tossing dories. There are, however, experienced arms to help you, and stout frames to row you to the landing. Thence you climb by zigzag stairs steeply up to where the way of the hamlet begins. This way—for street it is not—has been called by Marie Corelli "a careless garland of flowers left by chance on the side of a hill." It is a series of steps, paved with pebbles, lying between the two rows of quaint cottages, and ending at the foot of a steep hill. If you are going towards the hill, the name of the way is "Up-a-long," and if you are going towards the harbor, it is "Down-a-long."

Once this way was a stream with a cascade in it falling steep down into the sea. Along it the fishermen, who found a sheltered cove here, built their cottages. Then the waters were turned into a new channel, and the brook bed became the way of the hamlet. The cottages are spotlessly white. Odd little balconies, strange little porches, unusual little windows, open from rooms or entrances that are themselves little, odd, strange, and unusual. The whole architecture is reminiscent of the sea. The sitting-room is like a ship's cabin, with, possibly, a skylight in the ceiling and a port-hole in the wall. The ornaments and curios are such as the sea has furnished. The pictures are of the sea, also. Sometimes—or perhaps I should say somewhere—in this little ribbon of

houses, there are treasures of old china that straightway make the finder covetous. If it be valuable, however, it is not purchasable. If it be purchasable, beware !—for into this idyllic fishing community the acute commercial spirit has entered—the serpent in the artist's paradise.

The crimson fuchsia is trained above the doors, the purple wistaria climbs above the windows, the Virginia creeper trails its green length along the house-walls. There are creeping plants nestling close to the gray rocks and every cranny holds its blossoming treasure. The perfume of the honeysuckle floats down from balcony and chimney, and in little, cool retreats the green ferns show their uncloying freshness.

If we walk the full length of Up-a-long we come at its end to a steeper path that leads upward to a church, interesting from its connection with the Kingsleys, and to a drive at the edge of the steep hill, shaded with wonderful trees, and giving vistas of the sea and of Clovelly framed in the graceful curves of their branches,—the idyllic "Hobby Drive."

The sea seems to give strength to its sons and gentleness to its daughters. The men who pulled our boat ashore—fit successors to that Thomas Braund who sailed with Francis Drake around the world—had faces full of power. The women who brought us our luncheon, and lingered to see if it were to our liking, were gentle-voiced and sweet-faced,—with that expression of patient submission which falls

UP-A-LONG, CLOVELLY

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upon the faces of those by whom separation and anxiety and sorrow are accepted as a part of the fabric of life.

The moods of the sea,—its wildness when it is a furious monster, beating and roaring, and showing a cruel face, its gentleness when it lies quiescent, bathed in the most wondrous of colors, opalescent, shining gold, pale purple with crimson flashes,—are daily spread before their eyes. So gentle, so dyed in hues more wonderful than painter's palette ever held, as peaceful as the soft sky above it, it held our boat and bore it away, when we left Clovelly, and leaving her, bade *au revoir* to the Devon region, for who turns from such a wonderland without saying, "I shall return!"

The *golden way* led across the fickle English Channel to Dieppe—strange, fascinating Dieppe, with its old castle, now a military barrack, surmounting the high chalk cliffs in which the cave-dwellers still dwell. For in the soft sides of these cliffs holes sufficiently large for a single room have been dug out. The front is closed in, a funnel conducts the smoke from the household fire, and these caves are "home, sweet home" to a ragtail lot of humanity. If at eventide one looks away to the sea, he has the pleasant vision of the fishing boats going sailing along near the *plage* or beach, to the fishing grounds, the singing of the sailors rolling in sweet cadence over the waters. On the morrow the night's catch

is laid out in piles in the open market, and an auctioneer goes from pile to pile, selling the lots. The moment that a pile is sold the fish-wives come up with flat baskets on their backs and bend over to have them loaded. The great fish, weighing many pounds each, are thrown with no gentleness into these baskets, and off the women go, their *sabots* clattering on the way. Whatever the condition of the rest of the dress, the white caps of these women are immaculate. I asked permission of two fish-wives who presided over a stall—really, the *grandes dames* of their class here—to photograph them, and although the negative was spoiled later, there remains in my memory a picture of dignity, as they sat stiffly up, surpassing that of the ladies of the court.

As we ate our breakfast by the window facing the street, each morning there came to our ears a sweet and simple little flute-song, and then along the road would come five or six goats, and behind them the lad who drove them. His long blue blouse reached to his ankles, his Normandy cap was pulled well over his eyes, and the reed at his lips sang ever the same notes, as he drove his flock from door to door, selling the milk that he drew from his flock on demand.

And so on to Paris—Paris so clean and beautiful and fresh, where the streets are as clean as kitchens, and people dance in them by night, while by day they sip drink at little sidewalk tables; where art

DOWN-A-LONG, CLOVELLY

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lifts its head to the skies and vice opens its ways to the lowest infernos. But Paris is a mirror. It responds to what you will, and that which a man sees in Paris is visioned first in his own desires.

Beyond to Geneva. It was late night when our belated train arrived there, but when morning broke I had a celestial vision. Across the glorious lake, climbing from the earth-mists, its glittering sides resplendent beneath the rays of the new-born sun like celestial battlements, rose Mont Blanc. Glorious as I saw it later from Saleve, powerful and Titanic as it seemed from the nestling village of Chamonix, threatening and awful as when I climbed its sides, the first vision, softened by distance, separated by haze from things mundane, lustrous and roseate beneath the morning sun, is the cherished one.

At Chamonix Coleridge's " Hymn " sang ever in my memory—the most exquisite description of the Alps that language can phrase. To see the sun rise in the vale of Chamonix, I rose at half-past three and looked across the turbid, rushing stream at the gloomy sides of the sleeping mountain. Over in the meadows a woman was mowing the wet grass, but otherwise there was no sign of life. Then along the points of the highest line of the mountains shot a single ray of light. It grew; it flushed each crest, and hung roseate banners from the highest peaks. It stole through unseen valleys, and laid its crimson track along their snowy ways. Then,

where it had first gleamed, it threw its fulness of glory, crowning the head of the monarch, mantling its sides, and proclaiming to the valleys below, still clothed in the shadow of the night, the ever old and ever new miracle of the advent of a new day.

From Chamonix across the heights of the Tête-Noir, and then winding back and forth down the steep ways to Martigny, went our road, and along this road the majesty of a mountain storm awed and thrilled us. In the night before the thunder had rolled, and the lightning had filled the valley of Chamonix, but the morning sped fair and the midday was serene. But as we wound down the mountain ways over roads where no haste was possible,—before us a valley, mountain-walled and stretching for miles and miles,—above the farthest horizon we saw the clouds gathering. They rose like the blackness of war, and from their increasing gloom there sounded the thunder and hurtled the lightning of Heaven's artillery. Huge masses of blackness rushed before the greater mass behind like the charge of black cavalry leading a blacker host beyond. The whole scene took the gloom of fear. Then from the massed and advancing clouds fell torrents that like a moving wall shut more and more of the valley from our view. So far was the distance that we watched the storm long before it fell on us. Then it enveloped us. It fell in sheets, driving its liquid bullets through all our rain guards, running in cascades

THE HOBBY DRIVE. (See page 152)

from every little eminence that our bodies formed, --the rumble and gleam never ceasing.

All of a sudden it had passed. The sun shone on a valley washed and drenched. It turned every tree into something hung with glittering diamonds. Its gleam was reflected in myriad cascades and new-born brooks, and from rushing torrents that were but threads of water awhile before. Adown the valley we saw a torrent riding above a torrent, sweeping masses of driftwood, parts of some bridge, the débris of a dam. People rushed to watch the impetuous, swelling flood, and to wonder what had happened and what might happen. Somewhere along the course two lives had been lost. The story was told on the morrow—and forgotten on the next day, so closely does life press us on, so speedily does disaster sink from sight beneath its flood.

The *golden way* touched Lausanne. It gave us at Berne glimpses of little girls of six or seven knitting soberly in the public squares, and old women sawing wood in the streets. At Interlaken the long line of hotels turn their faces to the majestic Jungfrau. She rises, pyramidal in shape, a mass of glittering white when the daylight falls upon her, her base hid by some nearer verdant mountains whose somberness heightens the dazzling whiteness of her symmetrical form. Then when the twilight falls gray over all else in the scene and the crouching mountains at the base have turned black, over her there steals the

faintest tint of pink. It deepens, becomes roseate as if the day-god, entering some unseen gate, had allowed to stream forth a light that never was on sea or land. The vision fades, the Alpen-glow has passed, the gray shroud of night hides all.

A short detour from Interlaken brought us to Lauterbrunnen, and then straight and steep up to Murren. The little hamlet of Murren, built on a shelf high up the mountain, perching, like a bird in the eaves, far above the tremendous valley, looks upon the eternal snows of the Eiger, the Monch, the Silberhorn, and the Jungfrau. Across the separating ravine there is the booming of avalanches and the puffs of snow that mark their fall. In a walk I followed a mere sheep track, high and higher up the mountain, past the last shelter-houses, my only neighbor a brook that came tumbling from still greater heights. And far, far up, close below the snow line, I found an alpine garden. The lilies were so thick therein that my feet could not but crush them, and their sweetness so lavishly spread that it perfumed the air for rods. And here, too, the forget-me-nots lifted their heavenly faces, the large pansies showed their abundant purple and gold, great anemones dwelt in close companionship, and huge ranunculuses held up their yellow cups. How strange it is that at such a height, so close to the chill of the summer snows, in such a secreted and lonely spot, Nature in sheer prodigality should have planted a garden whose myriad blossoms the eyes of no mortal should behold save by happy fortune, and whose

FUNICULAR RAILWAY. (See page 134) Page 158

odors should give gladness only to the nostrils of the chance-led traveler.

From Interlaken to Lucerne, and thence to Zurich lay the pleasant way,—and here I saw a little drama that touched me deeply. The silks of Zurich are a delight in color and texture, and a marvel in cheapness. The shop windows are heaped with them, and they attract by their brightness the attention of even the sober-coated sex. I saw an old German, stolid and dreamy, seated on the outside ledge of such a window, smoking his pipe. A tap on the window from within called his attention and attracted mine. A woman was holding up for his inspection a piece of bright silk. Her face was faded and seamed. The hands were brown and hard. The silk with its rose-color and soft texture belonged to youth and freshness, to sweet sixteen but the old face was all aglow with desire. "Yah," said her phlegmatic husband. She pointed to the silk and then to herself, asking in dumb show if she should buy it for herself. "Yah, yah," again responded the man, and into her face there rolled such a wave of joy as brought a smile to the lips of her husband, and made my own heart bound in sheer sympathy. It was nothing, perhaps; not worth the telling, one may say; a mere gleam of Indian summer. But can you not frame a touching story in it? And is there anything so universal as the desire, often pathetic in its attempts, to be beautiful or possess beauty? Or is there aught more touching than the love-light that

glows from faded eyes and irradiates seamed and withered faces,—the sweet and softening Alpen-glow of human life?

From Zurich to Schauffhausen, to Mayence, to Cologne by the castled Rhine, to Brussels, to The Hague, Amsterdam, Broek, Monnickendam, and Marken, then to Ostend, and once more over the English Channel. Across England, a brief run to the Isle of Man, and then by steamer back over the wide, wide sea.

And when we came back to Boston Light, on as fair a day as that on which our outward voyage carried us past it, Peace was receiving her tributes. The great warships, unscarred by the contests that had shattered their adversaries, were steaming proudly towards the harbor to receive the acclamations of the multitudes that lined all the ways. Against the soft blue of the sky there fluttered from a thousand staffs the dear old home flag. In thousands of faces there shone the radiance of welcome and delight. And so with this reflected glory shining upon it, the *golden way* led us whither it had started.

And were there no shadows on the *golden way?* Was the path never roughly paved? And was there never a crumpled rose-leaf in the beds wherein we stretched? Forsooth, none that I remember now. For have I not said that it lingers with me like a path of dreams that led ever through such lands as Avillon is—

"AU REVOIR" TO CLOVELLY. (See page 153)

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"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer seas.

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